

The Sketch.

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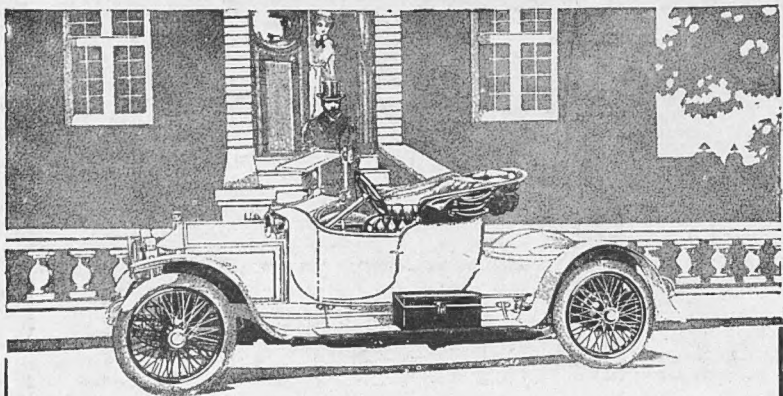
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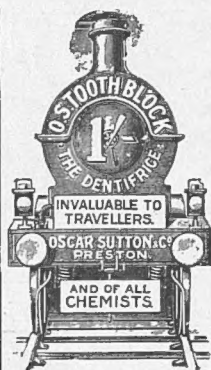
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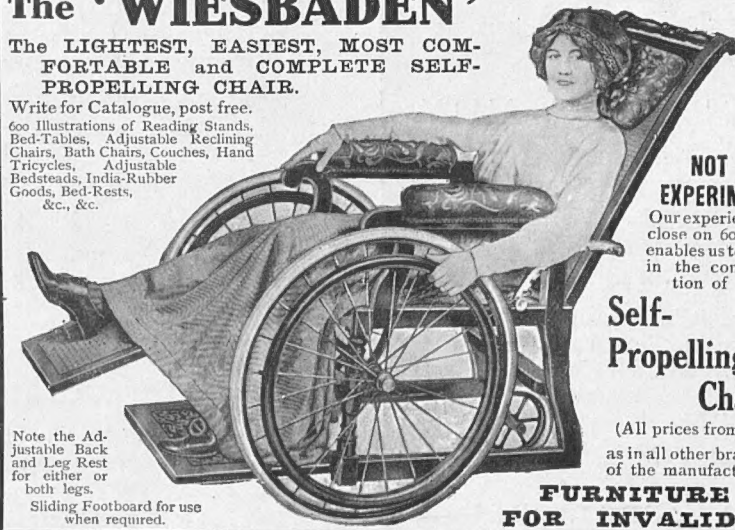
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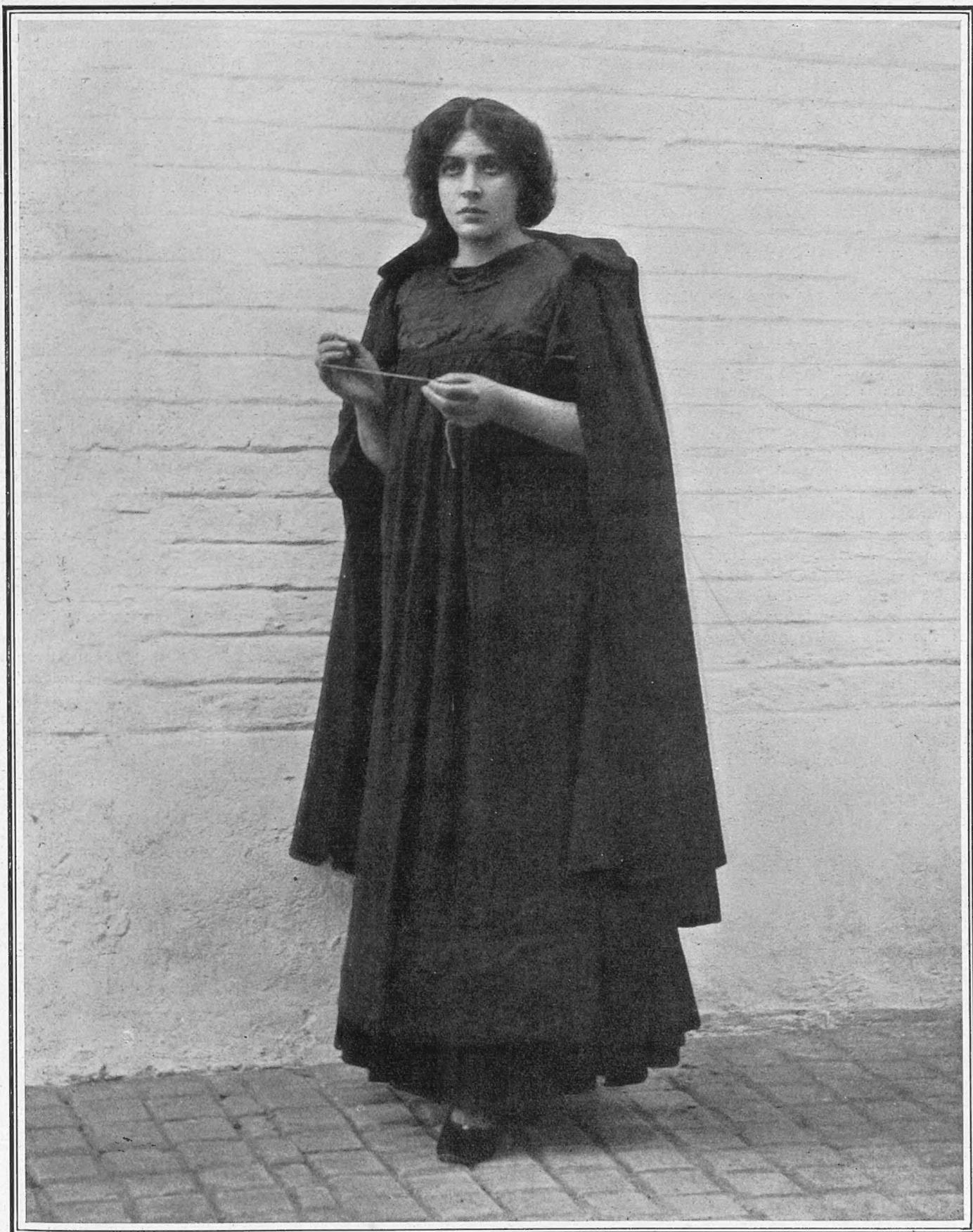
CURE FOR ASTHMA

The Sketch

No. 997.—Vol. LXXVII.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 6, 1912,

SIXPENCE.



THE CHARM OF PRISON GARB: MME. MARGUERITE STEINHEIL, THE "TRAGIC WIDOW" OF THE MYSTERY OF THE IMPASSE RONSIN, AS SHE WAS WHEN IN ST. LAZARE PRISON AWAITING THE TRIAL WHICH ENDED IN HER ACQUITTAL.

Mme. Steinheil, the beautiful central figure of the mystery of the Impasse Ronsin, will be remembered as having stood her trial on a charge of strangling her husband and her mother. The jury found her innocent on the whole of the seven counts. She has just written her *Reminiscences*, which are to be published this month by Mr. Eveleigh Nash. A portrait of her in ordinary dress appears elsewhere in this issue.



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"



A True Story. "I am a thoroughly old-fashioned person," said the Young Married Woman.

"I'm glad to hear that."

"Oh, I know you don't believe it. But I am, all the same. For example, I'm thoroughly domesticated. I don't think girls ought to get married unless they're thoroughly domesticated."

"Are you sure you are?"

"Quite sure, thank you."

"May I give you a very simple test?"

"Any test you like. Three, if you like, or a dozen."

"No; one will do. Have you ever heard of the old-fashioned Seidlitz Powder?"

"Don't be so ridiculous!"

"That means you have, I suppose?"

"Only all my life. If that's your wonderful test——"

"It isn't. This is the test. Can you tell me which of the powders you put first into the glass—the one in the white paper or the one in the blue?"

"I should follow the directions on the packet," she answered cunningly.

"That's all very well. But it might happen that the chemist took it for granted that you knew. And it might happen that you had no means of communicating with him, and nobody else to ask, whilst the powder must be administered at once. Now, then! Which powder would you put in first?"

"Well, not the fizzy one—the other."

"But how would you know which was the fizzy one and which was the other? They look very much alike, you know. That is why one is put up in white paper and the other in blue."

"Good heavens, I hope I know that!" She hesitated for a fraction of a second, and then decided to try a bluff. "The fizzy stuff is in the white paper, as a matter of fact."

"Then you would put the blue in first?"

"Most certainly."

"You would be wrong, O Highly Domesticated One!"

She remained quite calm. "That's merely an idle assertion," she said.

"Very well, then. Send upstairs for a Seidlitz Powder and we will try."

"I haven't any in the house."

"What?"

"By a curious coincidence," she added smoothly.

"There's a chemist's shop just round the corner."

"Indeed? And why should I waste my husband's money?"

I offered her twopence.

"There's nobody to send. The maids are busy."

"Then I'll go myself."

"Yes, and get the chemist to put the powders in the wrong papers!"

"He wouldn't dare do that. It's against the rules of the Pharmaceutical Society."

"I don't think he belongs."

"Yes, he does. They all do. They have to. However, since you doubt me, why not pop on your bonnet and come with me?"

"I don't wear a bonnet."

"Your hat, then. And I'll bet you a new one that you're wrong about the blue paper."

"Wait half a jiffy!" But she was ready in less than that.

"After all," she said economically, as we walked along, "we needn't really buy a powder. We can ask the chemist."

"And give away your ignorance to a man who has known you all these years?"

"How dare you!"

"All these two years, I meant. I was using the phrase in the auctioneering sense."

Not quite grasping that, she went back a little.

"I shouldn't be giving away my ignorance. I should be giving away yours."

"Don't be too sure. Besides, why do the honest fellow out of twopence?"

"Oh, all right. If you're so anxious to waste your money, you can."

"The hat won't cost me much."

"Oh, won't it? I'm not going to have anything."

"Precisely."

We bought the powder, and returned excitedly to the house. The Young Married Woman, although the maids were so busy, rang for some water, a glass, and a spoon.

"Now," I said, "let's have it quite clear. Which one are you going to put in first?"

"That's entirely a matter of taste."

"What do you mean?"

"Exactly what I say. Some people like the white in first, and some the blue."

"I never heard of that."

"Live and learn."

"Wait a minute. The point is, do you know before you begin whether the fizzy stuff is in the white paper or the blue?"

"I know that I have one opinion, and you have another, and we've bought the powder to prove which of us is right."

"Exactly." I took out my pencil and notebook. "Before we make the experiment, let us be quite sure which says which."

"But don't you know which I said?"

"Yes. The thing is, do you know?"

"Of course I know." She began to open the blue paper.

"That's your choice, is it?"

"You can see that."

"Very good." I entered her name in my little book, and opposite I wrote: "Fizzy stuff—white paper."

She now tipped the contents of the blue paper into the glass and, a trifle nervously, added the water. *There was no fizz!*

"There!" she cried, with the greatest triumph.

"Wait a moment! The chemist may have made a mistake. May I have a clean glass, please?"

The clean glass was brought. I tipped the contents of the white paper into it, and, also a trifle nervously, added water. *Still no fizz!*

"You've lost," I said.

"So have you."

"But I didn't stand to win anything."

"True. Let's ring up the chemist. The powder in the white paper must be wrong."

"No, the powder in the blue paper."

We explained to the chemist, by turns, on the telephone. When he replied, we had a receiver each.

"Put the contents of the two glasses together," he said. "It's the mixing of the two powders that makes the fizz."

We obeyed, and found that he was right! "After all these years——" we murmured, hardly daring to look at each other.

LITTLE ECCENTRICITIES: "AMUSETTES DE LA MODE."

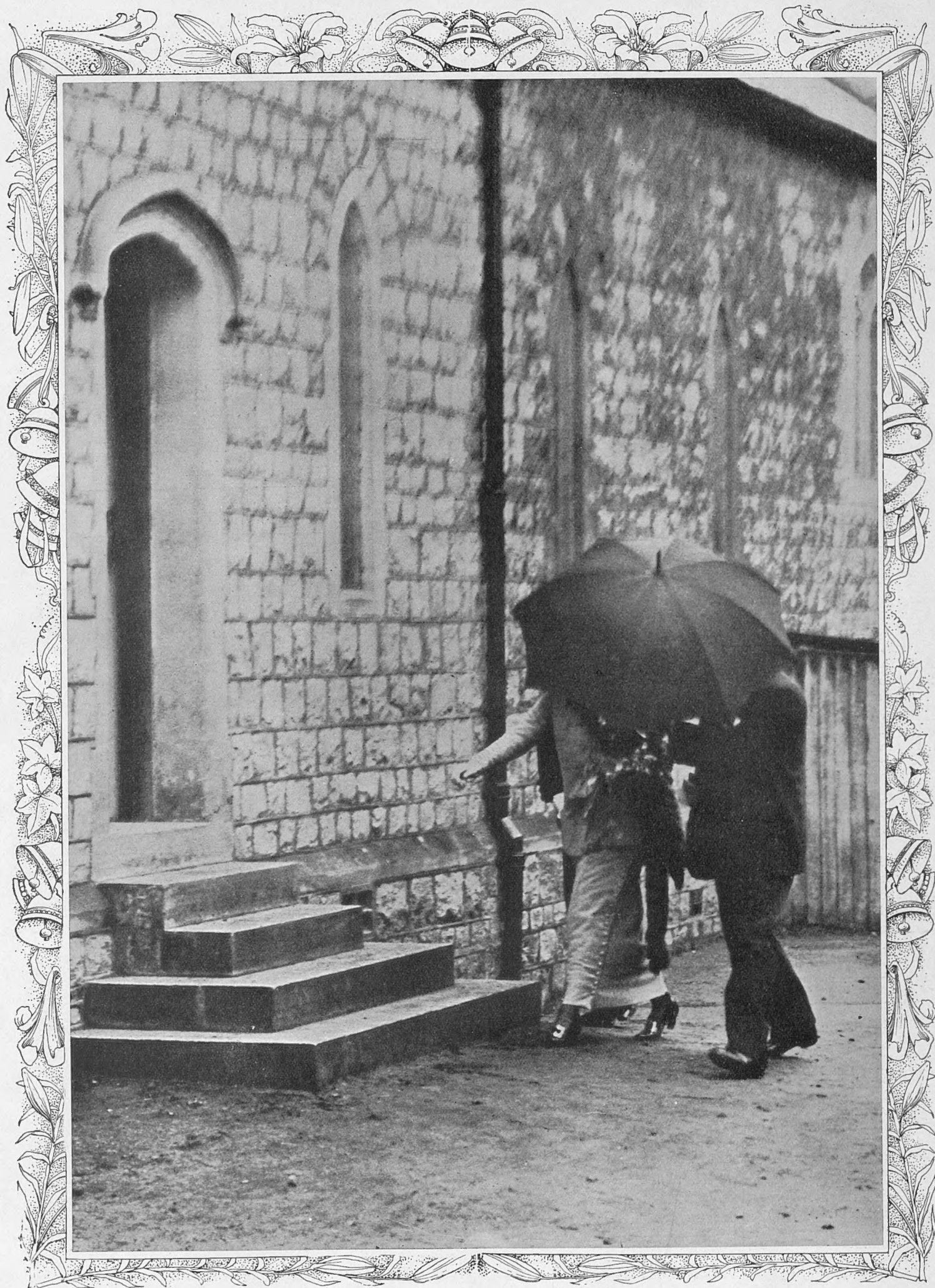


1. OF RARE MATERIAL, AIGRETTE, AND VALUED AT 30,000 FRANCS: THE DURBAR-TURBAN TOQUE.
2. A TIE-PIN MADE RARE BY THE OYSTER—AND THE COAL STRIKE: A PIECE OF "BLACK DIAMOND" (COMMONLY CALLED COAL) AS MOUNT FOR A PEARL.
3. DESIGNED FOR WEAR IN LONDON OR IN NEW YORK: A DAINY BOUDOIR-CAP.
4. MOUNTED WITH A "BLACK DIAMOND": A PIECE OF COAL AS THE "STONE" OF A RING.
5. WITH CHAINS ON HER FINGERS! WEARING A DOUBLE RING.

6. THE COAL-MINE AS ORNAMENT-PROVIDER: A PIECE OF COAL USED AS ONE END OF A SLEEVE-LINK.
7. VERY MUCH THE SACK! COLOSSAL BAGS FOR LADIES.
8. A GEM-STUDDED SHOE: THE DIAMOND-DECKED HEEL OF A SLIPPER WORN BY MRS. ANTHONY, OF THE UNITED STATES.
9. BUTTONLESS, HOOKLESS, PINLESS: A "PRACTICAL" BLOUSE, WHOSE ONLY FASTENING IS THE BOW AT THE SIDE.

We here give illustrations of some of the curious "trifles" which a French paper describes aptly as "les amusettes de la mode." For the rest, they need no further description: the photographs explain themselves fully.—[Photographs by L.N.A. and Fleet Agency.]

THE RAY HIDDEN BY A "SUNSHADE": A WEDDING "PORTRAIT."

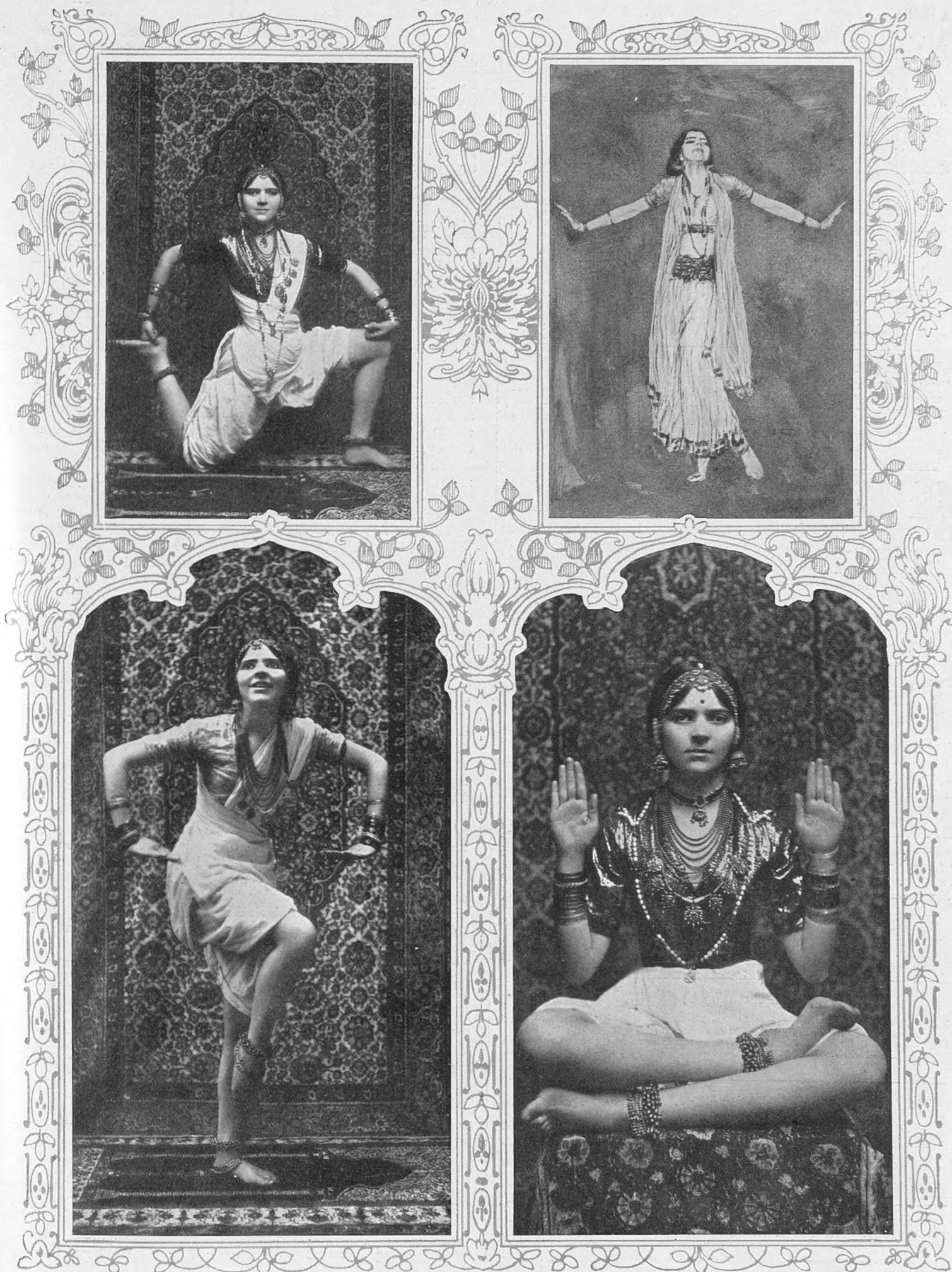


THOUGH LOST TO SIGHT — : MISS GABRIELLE RAY ENTERING ST. EDWARD'S ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH, WINDSOR, FOR HER MARRIAGE TO MR. ERIC LODER.

Miss Gabrielle Ray, the very popular musical-comedy actress and the best known of postcard beauties, was to have been married to Mr. Eric Loder at St. Edward's Roman Catholic Church, Windsor, on Thursday of last week, but was indisposed. The wedding took place on the following day, very quietly. The bride, determined to escape notice, entered the church by way of Canon Longinotto's kitchen-garden and the back door, and was hidden behind an umbrella. The return to the Canon's residence after the ceremony was made in the same way. The Register was signed as follows: "Eric Raymond Loder, 23, bachelor, of independent means, 44, Alma Road, Windsor; Gabrielle Elizabeth Clifford Cook, 28, spinster, of independent means, 48, Coleherne Court, Kensington, London, W.; father's name, William Austin Cook, of independent means."

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

IN IDOL POSES: THE SUBTLE SUPPLENESS OF THE EAST.



DAUGHTER OF A BRITISH ARMY OFFICER: ROSHANARA, WHO IS DANCING AT THE PALACE.

Roshanara is an English girl, the daughter of a British Army officer. She was born in India: hence, obviously, her interest in things Oriental and her choice of dances.

Three photographs by the Dover Street Studios.

HIS MAJESTY'S. Proprietor, Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree.
Every Evening at 8.15. **TRILBY.**
Svengali **HERBERT TREE**
Trilby **PHYLLIS NEILSON TERRY**
MATINEES WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS at 2.15.
Box-office open daily, 10 to 10. Tel. 1777 Gerrard.

ST. JAMES'S. **SIR GEORGE ALEXANDER.**
Sole Lessee and Manager.
EVERY EVENING at 8.15 punctually, a new play entitled
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Adapted from the Novel by Robert Hichens.
By James Bernard Fagan.
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GARRICK. **ARTHUR BOURCHIER.**
KATE CUTLER and VIOLET VANBRUGH,
Every Evening at 8.30, in
THE FIRE SCREEN. By ALFRED SUTRO.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.30.

GAIETY THEATRE. Manager, Mr. George Edwardes.
EVERY EVENING at 8, Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES' new production—a Musical
Play, in two acts, entitled **THE SUNSHINE GIRL.** By Paul A. Rubens and Cecil Raleigh.
Lyrics by Paul A. Rubens and Arthur Wimperis. Music by Paul A. Rubens
MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY at 2. Box-office open daily 10 to 10.

NEW THEATRE. **SWEET NELL OF OLD DRURY.**
JULIA NEILSON as NELL GWYN.
Every Evening at 8.15. Matinee every Wednesday and Saturday, 2.30. Tel. Gerrard 2473.

LITTLE THEATRE, John Street, Adelphi. Proprietress:
Miss Gertrude Kingston. Mr. CHARLES KENYON'S SEASON. Evenings at 8.45.
Mats. Wed., Thurs., and Sat. at 3. **THE BLINDNESS OF VIRTUE.** By Cosmo Hamilton.

MR. ROBERT LORAIN produces **"98.9"**
a new three-act comedy.
Nightly at 8.30. Matinees Wed. and Sat. 2.30. **CRITERION THEATRE.**

WYNDHAM'S. At 8.45, **GERALD du MAURIER** and Co. in
THE DUST OF EGYPT, by Alan Campbell. Mats. Weds. and Sats. at 2.45.

EMPIRE. **EVERYBODY'S DOING IT!** New Revue.
Robert Hale, Farren Soutar, Ida Crispi, Unity More, Ivy St. Helier, Will Cromwell,
Vernon Watson, etc. "NEW YORK," **LYDIA KYASHT,** Fred Farren, etc.
MORRIS CRONIN, AND A COLOSSAL VARIETY PROGRAMME.

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Major Richardson's **AIREDALES**, as supplied Admiralty, Home, Colonial, and Continental
Police, best companions for house-protection, inside or outside, lonely walks, etc., from 4 gns.;
Pups, 2 gns. Also **BLOODHOUNDS**, Pups, 7 gns.; Adults, 20 gns.; and Rough and
Smooth **FOX TERRIERS, SCOTCH TERRIERS**, 4 gns.; Pups, 2 gns. Grovond,
Harrow. Tel. 423.

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intimately concerned with the affairs of his paper unless a stamped and
addressed envelope is enclosed. In the same way, a stamped and addressed
envelope must accompany any contribution sent for the Editor's consideration.

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INLAND	CANADA.
Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £1 9s. 3d.	Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £1 11s. 6d.
Six Months, 14s. (or including Christmas Number), 15s. 3d.	Six Months, 15s. 2d. (or with Christmas Number), 16s. 4d.
Three Months, 7s. (or including Christmas Number), 8s. 3d.	Three Months, 7s. 7d. (or with Christmas Number), 8s. 9d.
ELSEWHERE ABROAD.	
Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £2.	Three Months, 9s. 9d. (or including Christmas Number), 11s. 3d.
Six Months, 19s. 6d. (or including Christmas Number), £1 1s.	

Remittances may be made by Cheques, payable to THE SKETCH, and crossed "The Union
of London and Smiths Bank, Limited," and by Postal and Money Orders, payable at the
East Strand Post Office, to THE SKETCH, of 172, Strand, London, W.C.

THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

THERE is one great advantage in going to the Gaiety Theatre:
you know very well what you will get for your money—or
somebody else's. There is no risk of a surprise, no danger
of having problems flung at you, or being asked to understand diffi-
cult dialogue or complicated jokes or an elaborate plot. There is, of
course, a plot in "The Sunshine Girl," but it is soon put on one side,
and if one is asked what the work is about one answers: "About three
hours and three-quarters of song and dance and joking." Probably
there is less by now since the piece has been tried on the dog, and
the items that were not frantically applauded have been jettisoned.
Everybody declares that this joint effort of Messrs. Rubens, Raleigh,
and Wimperis, to say nothing of Mr. George Edwardes and the com-
pany, is the best of the series. This is declared every time, and is
always more or less true, never truer than on the present occasion,
even if at the moment none of the tuneful numbers of Mr. Rubens
threatens to become a public nuisance. The countless worshippers
of Mr. Edmund Payne will find him amply provided with oppor-
tunities for being funny as an ex-four-wheel-driver, a professional
pedestrian, a strike-leader and soap-works manager, and in every
capacity he scores with roars of laughter; and the peculiar humours
of Mr. George Grossmith jun. find full scope. It is, however,
Miss Connie Ediss who has the "fat" part, and her prodigious
energy in dancing, and characteristic songs, "Brighton" and "The
Durbar," were received with delight. A word must be said for
Mr. George Barrett, funny in a small part. Prettiness and charm
in singing and dancing are contributed by Miss Phyllis Dare, Miss
Olive May, and two newcomers—Miss Mabel Sealby, a clever
soubrette, and Miss Violet Essex. And the glories of the gowns,
and lovely wearers of them, and the gay scenery would have startled
the Queen of Sheba. So here is a real feast for all lovers of the
Gaiety.

The new sporting drama, "A Member of Tattersall's," was
received with an enthusiasm which showed that it just hits the
taste of that playgoing section which revels in the sport of kings.
The ordinary sophisticated patron of drama will have no use for it:
familiarity, in his case, has had its customary consequence, and his
jaded palate demands something closer to life than the melo-
dramatic story woven round the thoroughbred named Plutocrat,
which was robbed of victory by the wicked device of the chief villain
of the play, who after the race succeeded in stealing two of the
jockey's weights, and thereby getting the gee-gee disqualified. Need
one say that the comic racing tout ultimately got hold of these
incriminating weights and crushed the villain with them, and that
the heroine does not marry the wrong man, despite a dastardly con-
spiracy of a quaintly inept character? The house loved the chief
character, the golden-hearted, merry old "bookie," who was
represented very ably by Mr. Rutland Barrington, and at the end
there were calls for all the players and the author, Captain Browning,
so "A Member of Tattersall's" promises to be a stayer.

"The Monk and the Woman," at the Lyceum, is Melville drama
trying for an act or so to be solemn and impressive, and then, most
fortunately, relapsing into its customary riotous absurdity. When
it deals with life in a monastery, with its prayers and its holy father,
it tends to be tedious; but once away from that and moving among
warriors whose guns never go off and courtiers and kings whose
designs on helpless woman are baffled by the sheer force of virtue,
it is everything that the lover of melodrama can desire. And it
could not have a more saintly hero than Mr. Basil Gill, or a more
dainty heroine than Miss Marie Polini; or villains who throw them-
selves with more enthusiasm into their work than Mr. Austen Milroy
and Mr. Basset Roe.

THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

MACMILLAN.
The Charwoman's Daughter. James
Stephens. 3s. 6d. net.

STANLEY PAUL.
A Book of Short Plays. Mrs. De Courcy
Laffan. 2s. net.
Duckworth Diamonds. E. Everett Green.
6s.

NASH.
The Riverport Mail. Oliver Wright. 2s.
Athletics. E. H. Ryle. 2s.
Hockey. Eric H. Green and Eustace E.
White. 2s.
The Man Who Stroked Cats. Morley
Roberts. 6s.

CHAPMAN AND HALL
The Twins of Suffering Creek. Ridgwell
Cullum. 6s.

GRANT RICHARDS.
Almayne of Mainfort. R. H. Gretton. 6s.
Smaller Tuscan Towns. J. W. Cruick-
shank. 3s. 6d. net.

HODDER AND STOUGHTON.
Love in a Snare. Charles Garvice. 6s.
Crenland Castle. Morice Gerard. 6s.

THE BODLEY HEAD.
Beggars and Sorners. Allan McAulay. 6s.
BLACK.

Delhi and the Durbar. John Finnemore.
1s. 6d.

THE "FINANCIAL TIMES."
The Mining Year-Book, 1912. Edited by
A. N. Jackson.

DRANE.
The Repentance of Cyrus Keen. Saie
Freestone. 6s.
Music and Its Aspects. Henry F. Gosling.
6s.

The Story of India. John Thornton. 6s.
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Robson. 1s.
Now and Then. C. Curry. 6d.

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Joseph in Jeopardy. Frank Danby. 6s.
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The Perfect Gentleman. Harry Graham.
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God and Mammon. Joseph Hocking. 3s. 6d.

MURRAY AND EVENDEN.
Morocco After Twenty-five Years. Robert
Kerr. 10s. 6d. net.

A Chord Once Struck. John Somers. 6s.
CHATTO AND WINDUS.
The Malabar Magician. F. E. Penny. 6s.



A New Clubs Bill.

Should Mr. Samuel Roberts' Bill, the terms of which are now public property, ever become law, all the clubs in London will be placed on the same footing as restaurants and public-houses as to hours. No club will be opened on Sunday before one p.m., and will be closed on that day during the same hours that licensed premises are closed. On other days, clubs, if the Bill becomes law in its present form, will close at the same time as restaurants.

How it Hits at the Great Clubs.

Of course the Bill is evidently aimed at those clubs of a low class which are really public-houses without public-house restrictions, and which, by adopting the form of clubs, enable their members to drink during the hours that public-houses are closed; but in shooting at the crow Mr. Roberts will also hit the pigeon, unless exceptions are in some way provided for. The regulation which will prevent a bibulous costermonger from absorbing too much ardent spirit in the early hours of Sunday morning at a make-believe club will also clear the smoking-room of the United Service Club of Generals and Field-Marshal before midnight on Saturday, and will on Sunday evening send off to bed at eleven o'clock all the high dignitaries of the Church who drop into the Athenæum after evening service for a sandwich and a glass of sherry.

The Difficulties of Legislation for Clubs.

The clubs which have bed-rooms for members in the club building will be a stumbling-block to Mr. Roberts. A member who lives in a club can no more be turned out of that club at any hour than can a man who hires a bed-room at an hotel be turned out of the hotel; and club members can no more be confined to their bed-rooms

during prohibited hours than can be the guests staying at an hotel. Police supervision will also be introduced by this Bill, as it stands, for all clubs. It is the idea of this, more than any trouble it would occasion, that is repugnant to clubmen, who look on their clubs as being as much the castles of Englishmen as are their homes. No doubt members of any well-recognised London club would never be aware that it was inspected by police officials, but members of smaller and less aristocratic, though no doubt equally respectable, clubs, might resent the introduction of a police superintendent unbidden into their midst.

Various Classes of Clubs.

Doubtless licensed victuallers feel the competition of bogus clubs, and the licensed victualler is as much entitled to protection in his business as is any other tradesman. The status of clubs varies so much that they might well be divided into various categories, and each class of club

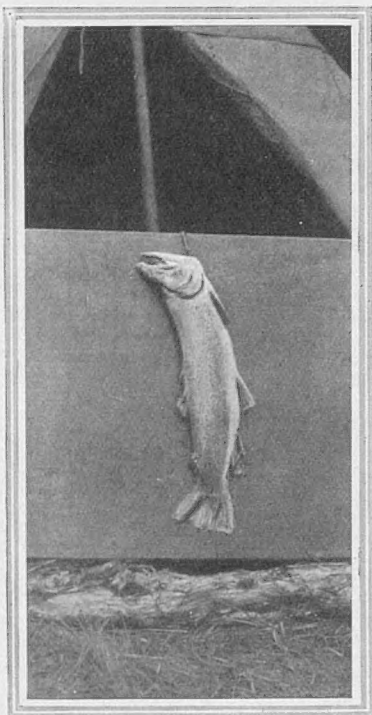
in his club that club would drop into a suspect list, while the respectable clubs of the poor men would get the same privileges as the respectable clubs of the rich men.

Extend the Hours of Restaurants.

What, it seems to me, is more urgently required than the curtailment of the hours of respectable clubs is the extension of the hours of respectable restaurants and public-houses in certain areas. Modern life has changed since these hours were fixed, and the hour at which the theatres now send out their patrons is much later than it used to be. It is a scramble now for people who have been to a theatre or to a variety-hall to eat their supper at a restaurant before the lights are turned down, and the actors and the actresses, who have to get rid of their make-up and change from their stage clothes into ordinary costume, are practically debarred from eating their evening meal on licensed premises. It would be more to the point if Mr. Roberts, in his Bill, instead of closing the Royal Automobile Club, which is the great supping club, at half-past twelve, were to propose that all restaurants (and also public-houses where food is served) which lie within the theatre district should, if they are well conducted, be allowed to remain open long enough for their patrons to eat an unhurried supper.

Swiss Railway Officials.

A mountain has been made out of a molehill, so I read, in the charge brought by a railway official at a Swiss mountain resort against a distinguished Englishman. I had once an experience of the autocratic ways of Swiss railway officials, and therefore I write feelingly. I was travelling from Switzerland into Italy, and as the train pulled up and waited for some time outside a station, I got down from the carriage to look at the scenery. I was back in my place before the train moved,



THE RESULT OF INTRODUCING BRITISH FISH INTO BRITISH EAST AFRICA: A SIX-AND-A-HALF POUND FOUR-AND-A-HALF YEAR-OLD TROUT CAUGHT WITH A FLY IN THE GURA RIVER.

Trout were introduced into the Gura River in 1906, and have thrived exceedingly.



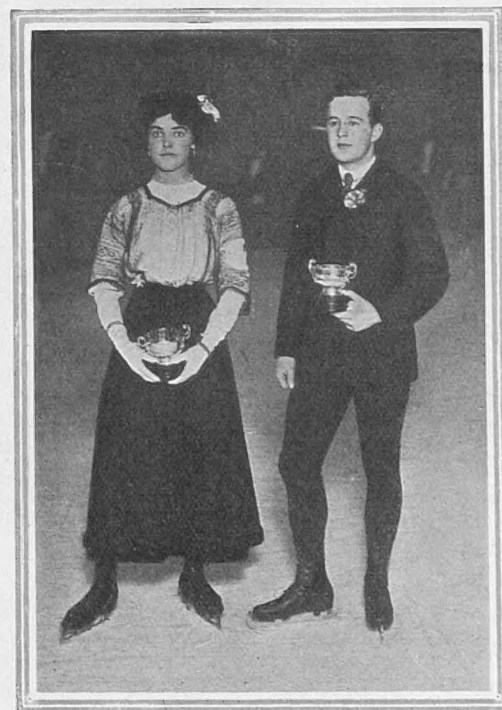
WINNER OF THE FIGURE-SKATING CHAMPIONSHIP OF GREAT BRITAIN, AT PRINCE'S: MR. ARTHUR CUMMING.

Mr. Cumming won the figure-skating championship of Great Britain in the International Style last week, and so gained the Swedish Challenge Cup, presented by the Stockholm Skating Club.

Photograph by G.P.P.

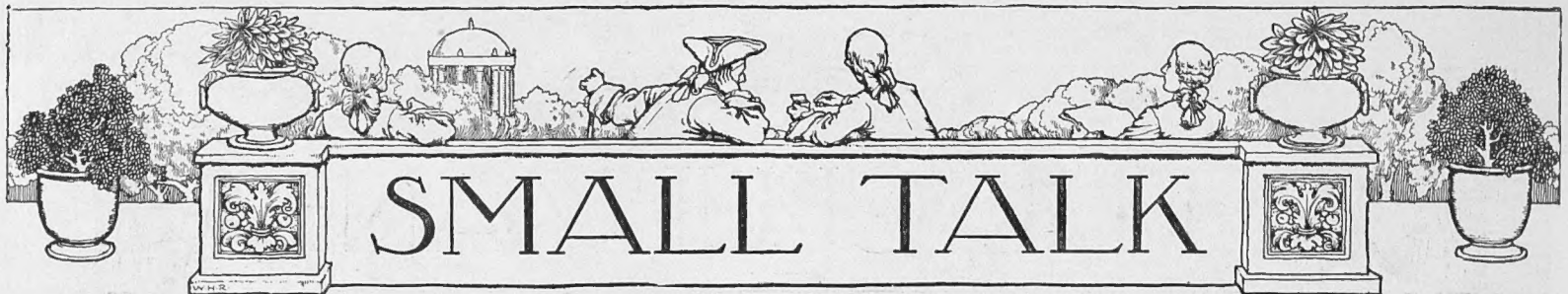
legislated for, though, of course, the cry would be raised that there is one law for the rich and one law for the poor. This would not be a true cry in this case, for if the rich man misbehaved himself

and nobody said anything to me at the time. But when, just before entering Italy, we stopped at a big station, a gendarme came clanking along the platform. One of the officials on the train pointed to me as his prey, and I was told to descend and was marched into the station-master's office. There, in Italian, a sort of drum-head court-martial was held on me. I was given to understand that I had committed a grievous offence and that my fine for doing so was five francs. It was a case of paying five francs or of not continuing my journey, so I paid up; but the letter I wrote to the railway authorities from Milan, threatening them, amongst other things, with an exposure of their high-handed methods in the *Times*, ought to have struck fear into their hearts, though, as they never answered it, I am afraid they must have become callous to such epistles.



WINNER OF THE VALSING COMPETITION AT PRINCE'S THE OTHER DAY. MISS SOMERVILLE AND MR. ROTH.

Photograph by G.P.P.



THREE years ago Lord and Lady William Cecil were renamed.

On the death of her father, she became Lady Amherst of Hackney in her own right, and thus joined the ladies who, with the Countess Grosvenor at their head, are nominally independent of their living lords. To Lady Amherst of Hackney the auction-rooms are already known. In her father's library she first learnt about books and their bindings (and even how to bind them), and at her father's sale learnt how they may be unbound—from affectionate keeping. She is perhaps the only Peeress who can stamp her own arms on her own morocco.

A Collector's Regrets.

Lord William Cecil submits a portion of his treasures to Christie's with unusual regret; he knows more about the things he sells than the buyers will know, and he loves them better. His knowledge is peculiar and extended. If one of his family was called "Salisbury Plain," it was not for the reason that associates Lord William with all remnants of antiquity, from Stonehenge to an Apostlespoon. Chance, he maintains, as well as inclination, has put him in the way of collecting.



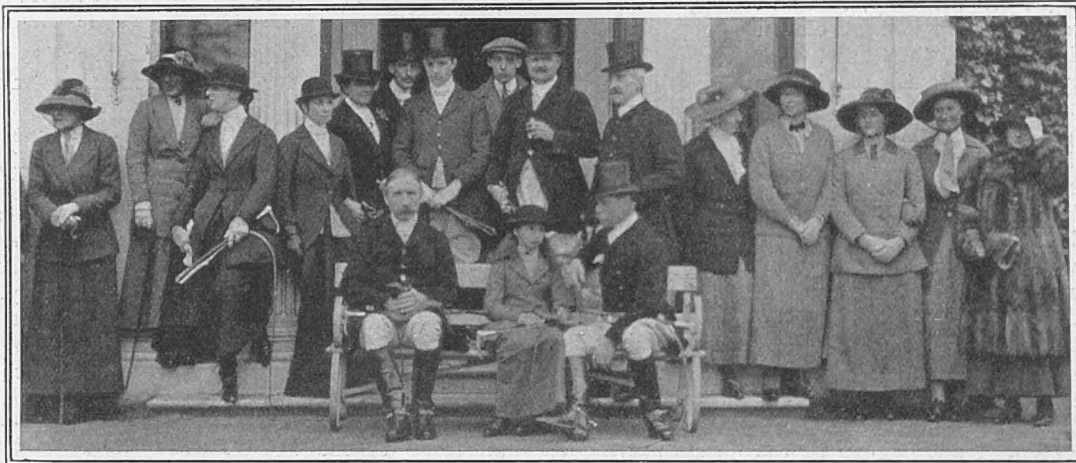
THE NEW TREASURER OF THE HOUSEHOLD AND HIS WIFE: CAPTAIN THE HON. F. E. GUEST AND MRS. GUEST.

The new Treasurer of the Household, in succession to Mr. Dudley Ward, resigned, has been a Junior Lord of the Treasury since last year, and is M.P. for East Dorset. He is the third son of Lord Wimborne, the first Baron, and is thirty-seven this year. Formerly in the Life Guards, he served on the White Nile in 1900, and in the South African War in 1901 and 1902, has been A.D.C. in India, and has been attached to the Egyptian Army. Politically he has been Parliamentary private secretary to his cousin, Mr. Winston Churchill. He is keen about polo. In 1905 he married Amy, daughter of Mr. Henry Phipps, the wealthy American who at one time rented Beaufort Castle from Lord Lovat.

Photographs by Swaine.

Street many interesting people met as onlookers. Countess Waldegrave, Lady Butler, and Mrs. Morris were amongst the many distinguished women. Lady Butler, who has lived among swords, had never seen such sword-dancing; and another artist, the Hon. Neville Lytton, himself a skilful Morris-dancer, took and gave points gaily. Lady Butler, having let Bansha Castle, is in London at this moment, and is preparing for a May exhibition of water-colours at the Leicester Galleries. Mrs. Morris, whose features are household sights in Rossetti's pictures, talked in Suffolk Street with many old friends of old times.

"Name, Name?" In default, at the time of writing, of the substantiation of the rumour that predicted an heir for another ducal house, the Duke of Leeds may be congratulated on a granddaughter, and Lord and Lady Glamis on a second infant. Lady Gort, another mother of last week, is, of course delighted at the birth and birthday of her son. He befell on as pleasant a day as was possible, for exactly a year before she married her cousin, Lord Gort. The new baby is a great-grandson of Surtees, the author of "Handley Cross."



"A-HUNTING WE WILL GO!" A MEYNELL MEET GROUP AT ASTON HALL.

From left to right are seen the Hon. Mrs. George Strutt, the Hon. Norah Cavendish, Miss Elwes, Mrs. Kay, Mrs. Winterbottom, Captain R. Crawford, Mr. Kay, Mr. Gerald Johnson, Major Gisborne, Mr. Caldecott, Miss Negus, Miss E. Charrington, Miss Charrington, Miss Brace, Mrs. Baggallay. Sitting, are Mr. Gerald Hardy, M.F.H., Miss M. Winterbottom, and Mr. W. D. Winterbottom (the host).—(Photograph by Howard Barratt.)

Even as a missionary in China he found he had to save porcelain as well as souls; and, in marrying, he made an alliance with a lady well known as an antiquary and Egyptologist. They have bought land in Egypt and dug up their own antiquities in their own garden—"which is even better fun than digging potatoes," says Lord William.

A Possible Wedding-Present.

Miss Viola Tree's dispatch in producing a while-you-wait sketch of Mr. Parsons recalls her elderly uncle, Mr. Max Beerbohm. He, too, has a pencil; but it is hardly of a sort to introduce the features of a future nephew to his niece's friends. The worst of being an out-and-out caricaturist is that you are debarred the ordinary joys of portraiture. And yet it has its joyful, as well as its cruel, uses; and, in fact, nothing would so please Miss Viola Tree as to possess (if Max makes a present) a drawing by him, however outrageous, of a very happy couple.

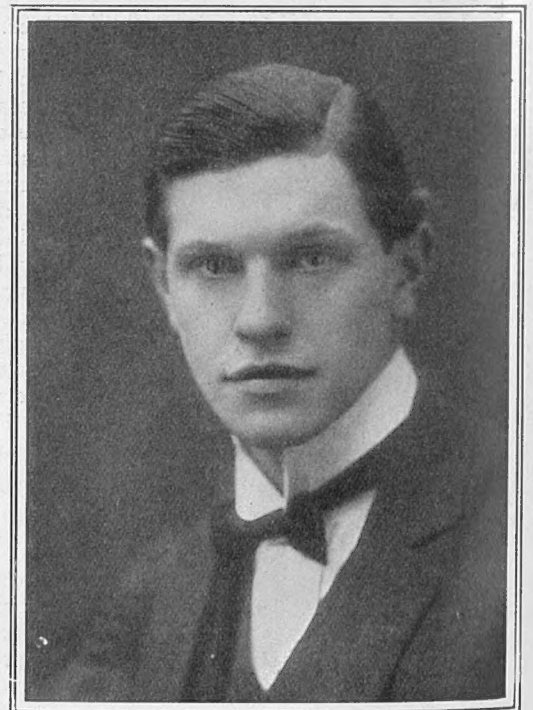
The Old Dancing. At Mr. Cecil Sharp's and Lady Gomme's English Folk-dance in Suffolk



ENGAGED TO MR. ALAN LEONARD ROMAINE PARSONS, MISS VIOLA TREE.

Miss Viola Tree, daughter of Sir Herbert Tree, is known both as actress and as singer: her most recent appearances were as Eurydice in her father's presentation of "Orpheus in the Under-ground." She was born in 1885, and first trod the stage professionally in 1904, at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



ENGAGED TO MISS VIOLA TREE: MR. ALAN LEONARD ROMAINE PARSONS.

Mr. Parsons is the son of the Rev. F. W. Parsons, Vicar of Tandridge, Surrey, and Rural Dean of Godstone. He was at Eton from 1901 to 1906, and at Magdalen College, Oxford, from 1906 to 1910. He is at present engaged in journalism. The wedding is likely to take place next June or July.

Photograph by Beresford.

THE NEW SOVEREIGN OF 998 SQUARE "NEUTRAL" MILES.



THE LATEST ROYALTY TO BECOME A REIGNING PRINCESS: THE GRAND DUCHESS MARIE OF LUXEMBOURG.

By the death of William, reigning Grand Duke of Luxembourg, the other day, Princess Marie of Luxembourg became the reigning Grand Duchess. The new ruler in Europe will not be eighteen until June 14 next, and until then will be under the regency of her mother, who is a daughter of Dom Miguel, Duke of Braganza. The Bill vesting the rights of the Luxembourg succession in the eldest daughter of the reigning Grand Duke was passed by the Chamber of Deputies on July 6, 1907. In the November of the next year the Grand Duchess Maria Anna became Regent. The Grand Duchy of Luxembourg, which, included in the dissolved Germanic Confederation from 1815 to 1866, was declared neutral territory in 1867 by the Treaty of London, has an area of 998 square miles. Historically, it belongs to the Nassau-Orange family, and in 1814 it was under the King of the Netherlands. Its language is even now a kind of Dutch, and it is represented in London by the Netherlands Minister. The new Grand Duchess inherits an enormous fortune from her father.—[Photograph by Kosel.]



By WADHAM PEACOCK. WITH THUMB-NAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW.

SCIENCE is always springing its little jokes on us. A professor at Metz has discovered that by putting a wasp's nest in a refrigerator for a few hours the wasps will be born without wings. Anyone but a professor would know that by putting the nest under water for the same period the wasps would not be born at all, and save much trouble.

"My hat's in the ring," said Mr. Roosevelt to an admirer. It is when his head is in the ring that the row will begin.

Fashionable women in Boston, U.S.A., are complaining that they cannot get into the city tramcars in their tight dresses. There is some mistake here. Tight dresses are no longer fashionable, and no fashionable woman would think of getting into such a vulgar conveyance as a tramcar.



It is very disappointing to find that in March it is almost impossible to give an out-of-season dinner costing more than £3 10s. per head. That is, of course, before cooking. It is comforting to the weary millionaire to reflect that the cost of coal will bring the price of the dinner up to a figure worthy the attention even of a Chicago pork magnate.

The new voice-production. The singer lies on his back on the floor or sofa, places ten bricks on his diaphragm, and sings. If that is all they want, some of us will gladly contribute a hundred bricks to keep them quiet.

Mr. John D. Rockefeller considers that £250 a year is the minimum on which a young married couple of the middle classes can live without discomfort. Now we should like to know the opinion of the young middle-class couple on the maximum income it is possible to live on without worrying about discomfort either way.

Why worry about coal-strikes? "Chalk," says a paragraph, "can be burned in an open grate, and costs only three or four shillings a ton." With a simple tin of black enamel, there you are!



THE NEW HAT.

(A fashion paragraph says that the new hats are to be covered with flowers and ostrich feathers and wings, built up on straw shapes of violently contrasting colours.)

I saw a haystack in her room
Whose base was seemingly of
straw,
From which arose the monstrous
plume
Of some pre-Adamite macaw;
While two wild wings of
screaming pink,
With pinker roses madly
twined,
And purple turnips, made
me think
'Twas something worn by
womankind.

Then as I stood and dumbly
gazed,
And wondered what the
thing might be,
Presumably I looked
amazed,
For loftily she turned on
me—

"Oh, man!" she cried, "are
you so thick
Of skull as not to wel-
come that
As my Parisian, sweetly
chic,
And simple, early sum-
mer hat?"



The sun is going to be harnessed to turn off the gas in the light-houses along the Panama Canal. This is good news, for the sun is habitually much too idle. But who is going to guarantee that the clouds will not occasionally interfere with the sun's new profession of lamp-lighter?



New Yorkers have started a society called "The Public Speaking Club of America," to show Americans how to speak correct English. This is unkind of them, as we have lately been taking some trouble to understand the great Amurrican Drammer.

At Shanghai the Chinese schoolgirls have offered to form a Republican regiment. "The needle does not suffice for us; we ask for arms," they remark. What's the matter with the hat-pin?

"Tyr Cyffredin" is said to be the Welsh name for the House of Lords. Really, there is no end to their Lordships' misfortunes.

Professor Ostromislenski is said to have discovered a method for making artificial rubber. If he had only had the sense to do this some few years ago he would have saved the poor promoters all the worries of the great rubber flotation.



Much joy was recently caused in a New York restaurant by the discovery that a waiter had by mistake filled the cruets with whisky instead of with vinegar. If the waiter had filled the claret-decanter with vinegar the mistake would have been only natural.

Signor Mascagni is undoubtedly the apostle of the new music. By the old school it was held that no man could, unless he wore a moustache and long, unkempt hair. Now Signor Mascagni insists on all his musicians being clean-shaven. If this sort of thing goes on the hairdressers won't be able to tell one "of them fiddling fellers" from anyone else.

THE BARBERS AND THE JUDGE.

(At St. Louis, U.S.A., a Judge has definitely ruled that a barber is not an artist, but merely a mechanic.)

Barbers, arise in your might,
Ye who from time immemorial
Ever have borne as a right
The title of Artists Tonsorial!
Give all your razors an
edge,
Call on Manbrino to fettle
him,
Go for this impudent
Jedge,
Get out your scissors and
settle him!



He who has blatantly
brayed
In language that's
simply Satanical,
"Shaving is only a
trade,
Hair-cutting merely
mechanical."

Soapless, unbrushed, and un-
shorn,
Dandruff and baldness de-
scend on him,
Till, unshampooed and for-
lorn,
Want of bay-rum makes
an end of him!



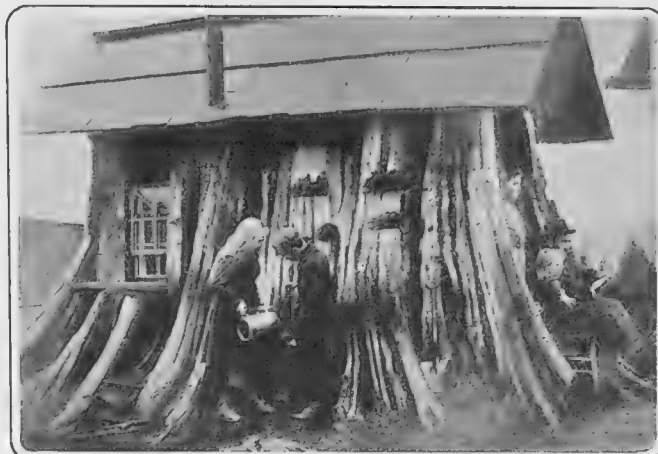
OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!



A TOMB THAT WILL COST £560,000; THE MAUSOLEUM OF THE LATE EMPEROR OF CHINA UNDER CONSTRUCTION.

The new Republican Government of China has undertaken to complete the tomb of the late Emperor Kuang Hsu, which is to cost £560,000. The photograph shows the interior of the temporary shed of matting built over it during construction. The coffin will be placed just behind the stone in the centre background. The door leading into the vault may be noted. This will be sealed up.

Photograph by Johnson.



A HOLLOW TREE AS A HOUSE: THE ARBOREAL HOME OF A SETTLER IN NORTH-WEST AMERICA.

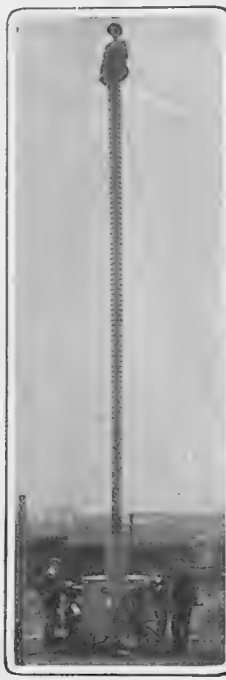
The fir-trees of the Pacific North-West occasionally attain an enormous size, especially in the territory near Puget Sound. In some parts of Washington the huge stumps are hollowed out, roofed over, and made into temporary homes. Many such tree-stumps have been used by settlers in what are called "logged-off" lands, until they have been able to build larger dwellings.

Photograph by International Press Photo Co.



READY FOR THE HUMAN ROCKET: A CHAIR THAT TAKES ITS OCCUPANT UP INTO THE SKY FOR OBSERVATION PURPOSES.

This ingenious apparatus, invented by a German, Herr Alexander Stewert, is designed for military observations and other purposes. When the occupant of the chair is seated, the turning of the handles elongates the pole, which rises into the air to a height of 83 feet in a few seconds. The mast is of steel.—[*Photograph by Richard Fuchs.*]



ON THE "LAZY TONGS" PRINCIPLE: THE OBSERVATION-MAST AT ITS FULL HEIGHT WITH THE OBSERVER "IN SITU."

The mechanism suggests that familiar domestic implement known as "lazy tongs," which enables one to place coal on the fire without stooping.

Photograph by Richard Fuchs.



NOT A TORTURE-CHAMBER OF THE INQUISITION: THE SHOEING-FORGE AS IT IS IN PORTUGAL.

This fearsome-looking engine is not an instrument of the Spanish Inquisition being used to torture a poor dumb creature. The photograph merely shows a respectable Portuguese blacksmith shoeing an ox. The animals find the operation so soothing that means have to be taken to check their inclination to lie down and go to sleep.

Photograph by A. W. Cutler.



EXPLOSIVE PISCATORIAL METHODS: FIRING CHARGES OF GUN-COTTON TO KILL FISH, OFF PLATEA, ON THE COAST OF GREECE.

Photograph by H. V. Fielding.



RIDING ASTRIDE, AS IT IS PRACTISED IN THE STATES: WOMEN JOCKEYS ON AN AMERICAN RACECOURSE.



TEMPERATURE AND TEMPERAMENT: "98.9."

A Coincidence.

On the Sunday Miss Cicely Hamilton, at the O.P. Club, was talking about the possible abolition of the actor, and suggesting as causes the cinematograph and the use of mechanical contrivances in the theatre, and two days later we had "98.9"—no, it is not my golf handicap—at the Criterion, in which the cinematograph and the aeroplane and the thermometer played important parts. I hasten to add that the thermometer was not employed to take the temperature of the piece, which is never excessive, but that of pretty Miss Challismore, in

order to see whether she was a woman of genius or a normal female. The test, it must be stated, is useless. What a pity! Fancy if with a thermometer we could ascertain the relative ability of Sir Arthur Pinero and—perhaps it is wise to leave a blank until Mr. Russell Rea's

hunting of John Tanner were widely different from those of Stanley Miles. Ann was all for pure cunning, whilst Miles suggested a survival of the savage whose method of courtship was to bang the beloved on the head and drag her senseless to the conjugal nest. Of course, Stanley did not use violence, but still, compared with him, Richard III., in his wooing of another Ann, was tame. He bombarded poor Grace with his attentions, he followed her everywhere, rendered officious services, invaded her home with a mass of "exhibits" in a despatch-box to prove his suitability as a husband; bought the cottage she wanted to buy, and then offered it to her. He dragged her aunt into his scheme, and when it seemed tottering, brought up a kind of "old guard," an ancient uncle from Australia, who in his turn conducted a kind of "three-man beetle" onslaught upon the girl, till at last Miles became an obsession to her. When she went to the Riviera, he hustled after her on his aero, alighting in the garden on the pet bed of bougainvillæa, and crushing the delicate, pretty flowers.



A RECENT VISITOR TO THIS COUNTRY: MR. OSCAR STRAUS, THE FAMOUS COMPOSER.

Mr. Straus is best known in this country as the composer of "A Waltz Dream," and "The Chocolate Soldier." Amongst his other works are "Die Lustigen Nibelungen," and "Hugdietrichs Brautfahrt." He was born in Vienna on March 6, 1870.

Photograph by Gutmann.

Bill for the protection of the Press in libel actions becomes law. The use of the cinematograph in a play is not novel. And the aeroplane has been anticipated, at the Empire or the Palace.

Mechanical Drama.

Whether new or old, one cannot view the introduction of mechanical devices without some feeling of timidity. Probably, too, under this heading comes the employment in "98.9" of the dolls, in the rather daring nursery used by the enterprising Mr. Miles to prove to Miss Grace Challismore that he really wanted to marry her. Curious evidence, but he was the curious hero of a play superficially curious. A rather mechanical play in reality, with a somewhat antique formula; for the whole of it turned on the hero's frantic efforts to break down a resistance which didn't exist. A terrible fellow, Mr. Stanley Miles, a cyclonic suitor who would have frightened any girl by the ardour of his attacks. The true humour of the piece—which it would be wise to develop earlier than in the last five minutes—lay in the fact that Grace was in love with him before his attack began. She had met him two years earlier and fallen in love at first sight—that "first sight" which, to use a pretty pun of Balzac's, contains "second sight."

"98.9" and "Man and Superman."

It is interesting to note the difference and resemblance between "98.9" and "Man and Superman," which preceded it immediately at the Criterion. Each has the feature that, though farce, it faces bravely the fact that what we call love is Nature's clever device for ensuring the continuance of the race; and in both we see the relentless pursuit of one lover by the other. But the methods of Ann in her



THE SPORTING COMEDY AT THE WHITNEY THEATRE: MISS IRIS HOYE AS MARY WILMOT AND MR. RUTLAND BARRINGTON AS PETER PERKS IN "A MEMBER OF TATTERSALL'S."

Photograph by C.N.

a poor job of it. Was she shocked by the dolls, or the inscriptions on the walls—"Multiply and Increase the Earth," "The More the Merrier"? Not a bit. She was a young woman who had some honest knowledge of life and its responsibilities. Certainly she was amused, perhaps a little touched. And yet, after all, Miles might have lost her if, fortunately for him, his nerve had not given way after a severe check by her, with the result that he crumpled up in a state of utter dejection. Then he won. He collapsed to conquer. The author also had a triumph, and so, too, Mr. Robert Loraine, who dazzled through the play, like a whirlwind, and Miss Mabel Love, who represented Grace delightfully.

A Doll's House.

His trump card was the studio-nursery. He made the cottage into a doll's house without any apology to Ibsen, and left the key in a bag with a message to the effect that if Grace used it to enter the studio-nursery she must consent to become his wife. Of course, she played the part of Fatima, having heard that in some way the studio was to prove to her that Miles was sincere, and being, therefore, full of curiosity to see inside. Mr. Stanley Miles Bluebeard had a cinematograph fixed in the studio, and when Grace made her secret visit and opened the door she set lens and film in motion and left a record—though, as a mere commonplace photographer, I may mention that if, as was stated, the curtains were drawn, the most costly of lenses and sensitive of films would have made



PRESENTER OF "THE BLINDNESS OF VIRTUE," AND ACTOR IN IT: MR. CHARLES KENYON.

Mr. Kenyon is playing the Rev. Harry Pemberton in "The Blindness of Virtue," and scoring a considerable personal success in it. He also presents the piece. His season at the Little Theatre has proved so attractive that it has been extended.—[Photograph by Corbett.]

E. F. S. (MONOCLE).

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS OF THE DANCER: BATEMAN VIEWS.



THE BALL-ROOM DECALOGUE: A SATIRICAL PRESENTATION OF IT.

The Academy of French Dancing Masters recently published the Ten Commandments of the Dancer. These, according to the "Daily Telegraph," are: 1. Let your movements be beautiful. 2. Thy deportment shall be at all times correct. 3. Let thy dance be a tacit form of politeness. 4. Be refined in thought. 5. Thy movements shall be as noble as thy thoughts. 6. Subject all the muscles of thy body to a perfect training. 7. Young man, take your young lady respectfully by the waist; young lady, be reserved, but graceful. 8. Let your movements be approved by your understanding. 9. Your soul must correspond to your dance. 10. Consider dancing to be a beautiful form of physical education.

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

COUNTRESS BATHURST has fixed the date of her ball at Bathurst House, Belgrave Square, for the 21st of May. Her daughter, Lady Meriel Bathurst, and her niece, Miss Buchanan, are responsible; it is for them that Lady Bathurst will swallow up the small hours in small talk and young—but not small—company. She of all women knows in what dreadful earnest the night is consumed by others; she knows the workings of a newspaper office. Few women are conscious of the grind of nocturnal machinery; midnight oil does not always smooth its workings. Lady Bathurst never loses interest in her paper; and if Lady Meriel had need of a

device for prolonging the ball far into the May morning, she has only to tempt her mother to await an early issue of the *Morning Post* with the record of the night's doings.

Unnumbered.

Lady Bathurst's ball will set Bathurst House upon its feet.

No better plan could be devised for firmly establishing its new name. Hitherto, as the property of Lord Ancaster, it has, like convicts and motor-cars and other criminal things, borne

only a number. But the sensible fashion is for names—the names that cannot be forgotten unless you also forget the name of the man to whom you are writing or the

woman whom you are calling. Lady Bathurst, by the way, has sold the famous Glensesk Mansion in Piccadilly to Baroness d'Erlanger.

"Author!"

The author-hunt at the first night of "98'9" was not very successful. The best clue to Mr. Somerset Maugham, someone said, would be that

he would look nervous! But by the time the curious one's glasses had picked him out in his place in the stalls he bore the normal look which is shown in the portrait at the Piccadilly Galleries. The portrait is by the playwright's friend, Mr. Festus Kelly, and is called "The Jester." It is too good a likeness to be kept secret: but here was proof, at least, that



MOTHER OF A THIRD SON: THE CROWN PRINCESS OF SWEDEN.

The Crown Princess of Sweden, formerly known as Princess Margaret of Connaught, gave birth to her fourth child, a son, last week.—[*Photograph by Lallie Charles.*]



MARRIED TO MISS GABRIELLE RAY ON FRIDAY LAST: MR. ERIC LODER.

Miss Gabrielle Ray and Mr. Eric Loder were to have been married on Thursday last, but at the eleventh hour the wedding was postponed, owing to the indisposition of the bride. It took place next day, at Windsor.

Photograph by Topical.



ABOUT TO LEAVE THE MENTONE COURTS: LADY EILEEN BUTLER AND HER FIANCE, THE MARQUESS OF STAFFORD.

Photograph by Navello.

Mr. Maugham is not above anonymity. The possibility that an author is not in the house at all will be one which will become more familiar to first-night scrutineers. Mr. Wells declares he will not be a "Kippis" first-nighter, though he and Mrs. Wells celebrate his first play by giving a small dance on the eve of its production.

Where's Your Ticket?

Lord and Lady Shaftesbury came up to town for the funeral of the Duke of Fife and not, Lady Shaftesbury would have it known, for the Anti-Suffrage meeting of last Wednesday. Lady Shaftesbury does not give her support to the militant or any other society. Lord Shaftesbury, by the way, left his tickets for the royal funeral in Dorset, and was not recognised by inexorable janitors; so that only after telegrams and telephones were heard Lady Shaftesbury admitted. "Where's your ticket?" is a question which assailed Cardinal Vaughan on one occasion when, bag in hand, he went to take possession of his See; but the strangest case of all was that of

Lord Beaconsfield, whose features were so distinctive as to be of themselves a passport, but who had to break open a side-door to effect an entrance to a hall in which he made a speech that set all England, too, a-talking.

His Friend the Enemy.

There is a startling sentence in a late instalment of Sir Henry Lucy's Parliamentary reports, "Churchill had a finishing row with Smith on Monday." And then we notice, with relief, that Sir Henry is quoting a letter, dated 1886, from Labouchere! Our Churchill will never have a finishing row with Smith—and what a different Smith, too!—on any of our Mondays. Each says horrid things of the other while he is on the platform, and, perhaps, feels them, if his rhetoric has been very convincing. But for all that, theirs is a friendship that can never be sacrificed to a game—even if the game is politics.



ENGAGED TO MAJOR SIR FRANCIS R. MILLINGTON SYNGE, BT., MISS CECIL WADE-GERY. Miss Wade-Gery is the daughter of the late Mr. Charles Robert Wade-Gery, J.P., and of Mrs. Wade-Gery, of Wornditch Hall, Kimbolton, Hunts. Sir Francis Millington Syngé, of Syngéfield, Birr, King's Co., is the sixth Baronet of a creation dating back to 1801. In 1876 he married Miss Frances Elizabeth Evans, who died last year.

Photograph by Lafayette.



PUFFING AWAY HIS "CONSTITUTIONAL": LORD WOLVERTON IN THE GARDENS AT MONTE CARLO.

Photograph by Navello.



PARTNERED BY MR. A. F. WILDING IN THE MIXED DOUBLES: MRS. HALL WALKER ON THE RIVIERA.

Photograph by Navello.

THE TRAGIC WIDOW: REMINISCENCE - WRITER.



THE CENTRAL FIGURE OF THE MYSTERY OF THE IMPASSE RONSIN TRIAL: MME. MARGUERITE STEINHEIL, WHO HAS TOLD HER LIFE-STORY IN BOOK FORM.

Mme. Marguerite Steinheil, generally referred to at the time as "the Tragic Widow," was the central figure of the mystery of the Impasse Ronsin, and stood her trial on a charge of having strangled her husband and her mother. The crime was discovered on May 31, 1908, and the servant who found the bodies found Mme. Steinheil tied to her bed. The actual trial began on Nov. 3, 1909, before the Seine Assizes, created much sensation, and ended on the 14th of the month, when, at one o'clock in the morning, Mme. Steinheil was acquitted by the jury, who found her innocent on the whole of the seven counts. The greatest interest is likely to be taken in Mme. Steinheil's Reminiscences, which are to be published this month by Mr. Eveleigh Nash, for "the Tragic Widow" was long known for her beauty, which, it will be seen, she retains, and as an acknowledged leader of artistic society. At one time her name was linked by gossip with that of the late Félix Faure, President of the French Republic. A photograph of her in prison dress appears on our front page.—[Photograph by Claude Harris.]



STAR TURNS



MR. FRED EMNEY.

LIKE so many other "star turns" now before the public, Mr. Fred Emney comes from the regular theatre, as readers of *The Sketch* do not need reminding, for he was for many years a member of Mr. George Edwardes's companies, having played in some eight or ten of that distinguished manager's productions. His parts invariably began by being small, and ended by being of quite important proportions, for Mr. Emney is an accomplished maker of gags, and he "builds up" his part as he goes along the run. A distinctly amusing indication of this proclivity of Mr. George Edwardes to give Mr. Emney poor parts was furnished at an early rehearsal of a new play, when the famous impresario turned to him and said, "You come on, you don't say anything, and I think you will stand out very well."

With so fine an actor as Mr. Arthur Williams for an uncle, Mr. Emney's attention must inevitably have been directed towards the stage, even if, as a child, it had not already held him in its grip. At school he was always acting, and when he was put into the City, where he remained for four years, he spent all his spare time in amateur acting, with the result that he played two or three different parts every week during the season at various working-men's clubs.

His first professional appearance was at Sadler's Wells Theatre, in a company run by the late Nellie Farren on the "Commonwealth" plan. The programme was "The Ticket of Leave Man," and a burlesque of "The Forty Thieves," in which Miss Farren played, assisted by such well-known artists as Mr. Arthur Williams, Miss Ada Blanche, and Mr. W. Warde. In the burlesque Mr. Emney had his first contretemps. He had an entrance to make, and went from his room to the wings some minutes before he expected his cue. The minutes rolled by, then the curtain rolled down and he still waited. His cue was never spoken, and the actors played right through the act without noticing his absence. Later on, he acted Mr. Arthur Williams's original part, Lurcher, in "Dorothy" on tour. During the run of the piece he lost his voice and went for

a sea voyage to Malta. When he arrived there, he found that a Sicilian company were going to produce "Dorothy" in Italian. They had only the book of the lyrics and none of the dialogue, so they were going to make it up on their own account. Mr. Emney thereupon wrote out his own part for them. It was translated into Italian, and enabled the comedian to make a good success.

It will be remembered that in "Dorothy" a great effect is produced by the entrance of a pack of hounds. There were no hounds in Malta, so the impresario impressed all

Later on, after Mr. Emney returned home, he had the pleasure of deputising for two or three weeks as Lurcher at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. From the West End he went back to the provinces and drifted into pantomime to play the "dame," a line of parts with which he has been closely identified, for he has acted about a dozen of them, including two at Drury Lane—the Nurse in "The Sleeping Beauty," and the Empress in "Sindbad."

Dame parts and the comedy parts in musical comedies and burlesques, in which the earlier years of Mr. Emney's career were spent, depend so much for their effect on what the actor introduces into them that it was not until the production of "Sweet and Twenty," at the Vaudeville, that Mr. Emney had his first good part which owed its creation entirely to the author and was written out in full in the manuscript which was given to him.

His going on the music-hall stage was due to his having no engagement to follow the last pantomime in which he was engaged at Drury Lane. He therefore asked his friend Mr. Harry Grattan to write a monologue for him. Mr. Grattan sent him one and a sketch called "Man, the Brute," as he thought that the part of a nervous little man, which had really been written with a view to the late Dan Leno acting it, would suit Mr. Emney. When Mr. Emney read the sketch he did not want to play the man, but he did want to

play the woman. He therefore asked Mr. Grattan to play the male part with him. The arrangement was made, and they opened at the County Theatre, Kingston, one Monday. So great was their success that they were engaged the following week for the Tivoli, where the sketch ran for six weeks, and was then transferred to the Empire. It was followed by "The Plumbers," which also had a long run at the Tivoli, where it was seen by Mr. H. B. Irving. He was so struck with it that he offered Mr. Emney and Mr. Grattan an engagement to play it before "Jekyll and Hyde" during the run of that piece at the West End. It was a curious engagement, for the actors used to play it at a music-hall in the East End, come up in a motor-car to Shaftesbury Avenue, play there, and then return to the East End to give another performance of it.

Those who think that money is easily earned in the music-halls will probably be somewhat surprised to learn that Mr. Emney has played twenty-seven performances in a week in London—four performances each evening and three matinées—and travelled five or six miles to the next hall between each performance.

His present sketch, "A Sister to Assist 'Er," which he is playing with such success with Miss Sydney Fairbrother, he discovered in a short story in a now defunct periodical. With some trouble he hunted out the author and got him to put the idea into sketch form. His make-up as an old woman is so realistic that it constantly deceives people connected with the halls who have not seen him before. Over and over again, when he goes into a new hall on Monday evening, he is mistaken for the laundress who calls on the chance of getting washing from the various members of the company. Only a few weeks ago, while playing in the East End at a hall in which the stage is very small, he turned to the stage-manager and said, "Where is the stage?" "You're on it," exclaimed the official; "get off." Instead of getting off, Mr. Emney got on, for his turn had just been announced.



THE YOUNG NAPOLEON, AT THE PALLADIUM: MR. H. V. ESMOND IN "THE REAL NAPOLEON."

During his earlier career, Napoleon, not having studied under Talma, the actor, was innocent of the hand-on-the-breast pose which he afterwards made a characteristic point of his personality. It is said that this very pose led to the quarrel which ended in the divorce of Josephine; the Empress surprised her husband practising it—and laughed!

Photograph by Campbell-Gray.



"YOU'RE IN LOVE WITH YOUR HUSBAND, EH, BABY?": MR. H. V. ESMOND AS NAPOLEON AND MISS AMY BRANDON THOMAS AS JULIE MANET IN "THE REAL NAPOLEON," AT THE PALLADIUM.

Photograph by Campbell-Gray.

the dogs he could find, and it was a motley collection of breeds which entered for the Hunting Chorus, to the great amusement of the English part of the audience.

THE NUT!



THE JUVENILE SPORTSMAN: Say, Bookie, would yer give me 7 to 1 on Sunstar fer nuthink, if I was ter intraduce yer to a party as wants to put a bit of money on a 'oss?

DRAWN BY WILMOT LUNT.

Sporting with Winter = Sports : Bateman Eccentricities.



IV.—TOBOGGANING: "THE FAST FIEND."

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.

ABOARD SHIPS ON THE SANDS: SOCIETY ON CAMEL-BACK.



UNDER THE EYES OF THE SPHINX: PRINCESS PLESS AND THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER IN EGYPT.

The Princess and the Duchess are sisters, and are sisters-in-law of Mrs. George Cornwallis-West, formerly Lady Randolph Churchill. Her Highness is thirty-nine and her Grace thirty-five. Both, it need scarcely be said, are as popular in Society as they are prominent in it.

Photograph by the Record Press.



THE VICAR; GOOD BUNDOBUST; AND THE GAEKWAR OF BARODA.

Good Bundobust. Mr. Weeden found in the Gaekwar of Baroda the ideal host; and in India, fairyland. All of which is to say that many made for him "bundobust," a great word . . . meaning arrangements; the man who can make good bundobust is held in high esteem." His first day at Baroda brought him endless comforts to be extolled: "a magnificent suite," "a fragrant *chota hazri*, or 'little breakfast,'" "a lovely great marble bath of warm water, into which about half a bottle of eau-de-Cologne had been sprinkled," a dressing-room "more like Truefitt's shop than anything else," the perfect valet, an enthusiastic welcome from Maharaja, Maharani, Princess, and others, tennis, with ten boys in green-and-gold uniforms to field the balls, "lemon-squash and other cooling drinks and cigarettes," motor-cars, Bridge—and so to bed, with just as much satisfaction as the immortal Pepys felt in his happiest mood. Later hours were accompanied by things no less worthy of remark, plus dancing, riding, driving, and what not, unsullied even by serious thoughts of reptiles, for, says Mr. Weeden, "I have rather a horror of snakes, and always carry about with me a little lancet and bottle of antidote for their poison in case I should be bitten."

In the Abode of the Goddess of Wealth.

By such signs as these were the riches of Baroda made evident; and there were almost innumerable others. "Just within [the Palace] is a carefully guarded shrine, dedicated to the Goddess Lakshmi, from which the Palace takes its name—Lakshmi Vilas, the 'Abode of the Goddess of Wealth.' . . . The shrine is served by a special staff of priests, and night and day lights and incense are kept burning before the sacred image." And one day Mr. Weeden "drove with the Gaekwar to the treasury, and watched him doing *pooja*, or worship, to the State jewels, which were all spread out on cushions, a blaze of barbaric splendour."

is the Pearl Necklace, said to be unrivalled among the world's jewels, and valued at fifty lacs (£500,000). The big diamond necklace, which is worth thirty-five lacs, contains the ninth largest diamond in the world, the Star of the South, which was originally part of the Koh-i-Noor . . . Sampatrao showed me an extraordinary piece of work which he had left as a *bonne bouche* till the end. Four great

squares, each as large as a fair-sized carpet, were hung on the walls, apparently of tapestry. Closer inspection showed that they consisted entirely of jewels—pearls, emeralds, rubies, diamonds, and so on—arranged on a ground of rich silk to form a design like that of some brightly coloured piece of needlework. They were designed as a canopy for the Tomb of the Prophet at Medina by the order of Maharaja Khande Rao Gaekwar, who, although a Hindu, was a great admirer of Mohammedans. Just before the gift was sent out of the country the Maharaja unfortunately died, and his successors did not feel bound to carry out his wishes."

Baroda and the Gaekwar.

For the rest, and for details of the Gaekwar

as ruler and friend of his people,

reference must be made to Mr. Weeden's work, which contains many other points of interest. Of these one or two more may be mentioned. The Gaekwar has a company of pipers, in Highland uniform, who play Scottish airs. The Maharani is a first-rate shot—"while we were talking, a flock of herons passed overhead; the Maharani called to her shikari for her gun, and, seated as she was at the table, brought down two of them with unerring aim." Hunting is done under the most modern conditions. "The arrangements for locating the tigers were very complete. Telephone-wires had been laid through the jungle in all directions, and *shikaris* placed in every part of it: then when one of them discovered a tiger he sent a message immediately to headquarters and steps were taken accordingly." At the quail fights, "the hen birds are placed



THE GAEKWAR OF BARODA'S WIFE AS CRACK SHOT: THE MAHARANI.

Photograph by R. W. Turnbull; Reproduced from Mr. Weeden's "A Year With the Gaekwar of Baroda," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Hutchinson and Co.



RAJ MAHAL, OR "LAKSHMIVILAS"—THE ABODE OF THE GODDESS OF WEALTH; THE GAEKWAR OF BARODA'S PALACE AT BARODA.

"Just within is a carefully guarded shrine dedicated to the goddess Lakshmi, from which the Palace takes its name—Lakshmi Vilas, the 'Abode of the Goddess of Wealth.' The name is seldom used, Raj Mahal, the 'Royal Abode,' being more convenient and homely."

Reproduced from Mr. Weeden's "A Year With the Gaekwar of Baroda," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Hutchinson and Co.

The description is obviously apt. The gems are "hoarded away in strong rooms and safes . . . They were shown to me by Sampatrao, who caressed them with loving fingers, as a lover fondles his mistress's hair . . . The finest thing in the whole collection



THE CHIEF GLORY OF RAJ MAHAL, THE GAEKWAR OF BARODA'S PALACE AT BARODA: THE GREAT DURBAR HALL.

"At present the chief glory of Raj Mahal is the great Durbar Hall, which occupies the whole of the north wing and is built in the more severe style of Northern India, seven stately domes rising from the spacious terrace that forms its roof. . . It is paved with costly mosaic work."

Reproduced from Mr. Weeden's "A Year With the Gaekwar of Baroda," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Hutchinson and Co.

near in cages, and urge on the combatants with shrill cries, often knocking the cages over in their excitement." Buffalo fights and elephant fights provide further amusement for the people. The library of the Maharaja of Jaipur consists principally of bound volumes of the *Illustrated London News*. And so on, and on—always emphasising the good points of the Gaekwar as hospitable man and as enlightened ruler.

* "A Year With the Gaekwar of Baroda." By the Rev. Edward St. Clair Weeden, of New College, Oxford, M.A.; sometime Minor Canon of Chester Cathedral and Vicar of Canon-Frome. Illustrated. (Hutchinson: 10s. net.)

STUDDY'S DOG STUDIES.



THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

THE BAR HIPPOLYTE.

By CHARLES DAWBARN.

IT was one of those superb nights in Paris towards the end of the season. Overhead, the stars; below, the radiance of the city's lights. La Ville Lumière looked and justified its title. Hippolyte's bar was crowded with an assemblage of rich *noceurs*. The air trembled with the vibrations of the zither band; champagne sparkled in the glasses. Every moment visitors departed and others arrived to take their places, disputing possession of the seats at the little round tables. The proprietor, fat and prosperous, fussed everywhere, hovering over the most elegant, and reserving his second-best smile for those who, apparently, were less disposed to spend money for the good of the house and the damage of their digestions. "Zum, zum," went the band, and the glasses clinked as if in sympathy. "Un tout petit bonhomme, pas plus haut que ça," sang the girl behind the piano, and the audience roared the chorus.

Un vrai type, this girl. Her audacity augmented as the champagne flowed and the tables became fuller. "Why do you wear that awful red hat?" she had stopped in the singing to address her usual impertinences to a fresh arrival.

No one was spared. The shaft was delivered with astonishing verve and spontaneity. "And, you know"—this to a very consequential American: happily he did not understand—"you are only a deceived husband." The shots fell thick and fast, and the faster they fell, the louder the audience roared. One waited with a pleased expectancy for the next sally. It was so agreeable to reflect that the neighbour was as likely to receive the bullet as yourself—so satisfactory, after having run the gauntlet, to see it run by others.

It was collecting time. The *chanson rosse* was over. In its place was a sentimental ballad of a young man, who had wondrous black eyes and a conquering moustache, but who could never keep true to the same girl for more than a day. Suzanne, the *chansonnière rosse*, as she passed with the serviette full of silver, soliciting the largesse of the public, chuckled the obviously married men under the chin or tweaked their noses in full view of their scandalised spouses.

"Ah, les yeux noirs, si pleins de charmes."

The vocalist sighed behind the piano. It was almost the moment for the dancing to begin. A bar or two, and the song changed to a waltz, long and languorous in its undulating suggestiveness. The wine of life had entered into everyone's veins; a mad spirit prevailed; the red gods called. Feet, steeped in music, glided upon the floor; girl danced with girl, and a hectic, flushed, excited crowd whispered, "Faster, faster!"

The girls responded to the call. Faster they turned and faster. It was almost a gladiatorial spectacle. "They make me dizzy," said a beautifully dressed woman, whose broad-brimmed hat hid the fair features of triumphant twenty-four. Her delicate fingers blazed with jewels, and a brilliant pendant hung about the white column of her throat. When she spoke, the accents were soft and musical—not the curiously harsh note of the perpetual roysterer. Evidently she had better instincts than her feminine neighbours—though there was no mistaking her relations with her *vis-à-vis*.

A young man still, her companion, though distinguished in appearance—a Russian Prince, indeed—wore at this moment a dissipated air. Evidently he had drunk, and his eyes had grown glassy with the exercise. "Non, non, pas de champagne," she entreated, as the *garçon* arrived to replenish the supply. But the prohibition, even from so graceful a source, roused the opposition in the man.

Perhaps there were other and graver causes at work, for the Russian continued to show his ill-humour, and she evidently was in no mood to respond to the gaiety of the room, which, in its boisterous expression, carried a sense of festivity out into the street, to the line of waiting carriages and taxis, whose gossiping attendants caustically criticised the world within.

"Hi diddle di-hi-di!"

The bar was in full burst of song, and impudent Suzanne, perched on a stool at the back of the piano, was more in verve than ever. "Bang, bang," went the accompaniment, and more raucous grew her voice with the terrible tang of Montmartre.

The gaiety was at its maximum. Suzanne was never more *rosse*, more deliciously insolent, more outrageous in her sallies.

"Hi, you there, why don't you cut your hair?" she shouted at a youth wearing rough clothes and long locks, who suddenly pushed open the door, revealing the white face of the *gamin* of Paris—like a spectre at the feast.

Everyone laughed and, for a moment, the intruder seemed a little abashed. "Who is the little devil, anyway?" asked the American, who was overcome by his unusual surroundings; and, indeed, the ladies with big hats and painted lips took an exceptional interest in his personality.

"*Le Soir, La Presse*." It was the camelot selling his wares. The proprietor, shocked at the irruption of Demos in the high place of pleasure, turned to the doorkeeper. "Throw him out," he indicated with an expressive gesture.

"*La Révolution Sociale*," bawled the youth, as the sturdy guardian in green took him by the shoulders. "*Grève générale des cheminots. Le grand coup ce soir*."

"Yes, I guess he's got the grand coup all right," laughed the American, as the enterprising news-seller was thrust bodily forth into the circle of white lights before the door.

"Oh, they are always gassing about the Revolution," remarked an English lord to the fair young person at his elbow; "and as to the general strike, it occurs, you know, every Saturday night."

The Bar Hippolyte cared not two straws for the Revolution, past or prospective, and tried to pursue its business of champagne-drinking and song-singing.

Yet there was something disturbing in the air. It affected different quarters of the room; even the amply proportioned cloak-woman argued sharply with the head-waiter. Nor were the young man and his charming companion at all happy. As if by enchantment, she disappeared. He tried to find her and rushed from the room.

Over in a far corner a little comedy was in progress. One of those provoking little Montmartroises was seated at a table at which were three men. Beneath her piquant toque her roguish eyes twinkled. Evidently the eldest member of the party was the giver of the feast. Yet though she kept all in tow she seemed enamoured of a certain youth. Suddenly she leant over as if to tell a secret in his ear, but the rosy mouth had kissed him before it drew back from behind the fan. It was scandalous, of course, but no trace of embarrassment sat on the charming features. The pouting little face was still as impertinent as ever. The giver of the feast evidently intended to express displeasure at this strange conduct; but she was before him and, laughing up at him, put him out of countenance and dissipated his ill-humour.

Suddenly the music ceased. The lights had gone out. There was a noise of breaking glass; shouts and laughter, "ohs" and "ahs"; then silence. The proprietor was indignant. Who had been playing this trick? It was intolerable. He bawled to the *chasseur* to fetch candles—lamps—anything that would serve to light the room.

The *chasseur* came back whispering: "Monsieur, c'est impossible de sortir." "Impossible de sortir! Qu'est-ce que vous dites, imbécile!" roared the enraged *patron*. And he went to the door to see. A stone, flung by an unseen hand, crashed against the woodwork, within an inch of his head. Save for the lamps in the row of waiting carriages, there were no lights in the street.

DOWN IN — ?



THE PUTT - THAT - MISSES - THE - HOLE - BY - AN - INCH ATTITUDE.

DRAWN BY H. RADCLIFFE WILSON.

The proprietor's curiosity was satisfied; he went back into the restaurant and closed the outer door. Presently, lights were produced from somewhere. Lamps of an old-fashioned pattern and candles stuck in potatoes garnished the table. The room was cast into weird but caressing shadows. One realised how much was lost by the electric light. Women not in their first youth were grateful for the semi-darkness, for the sheltering shadows that toned down hard lines of wrinkles and the crudities of dyed hair.

In this Rembrandtesque atmosphere, the fun began again. It was less buoyant for a time, as if a feeling of malaise controlled the revellers. But presently a chorus broke forth; each was determined to amuse himself. The band resumed a lively air, the waltzes started, causing the candles to rock and flare.

"Useless to try to dance," said the manager apologetically, as if he expected the guests to go.

A terrific hammering; the door was thrown open. In walked a man with brown reefer clothes and a soft hat.

His face, handsome in its way, had the look of a mastiff. The moustache was brown and full. The room still resonated with the waltz, though there were no waltzers eddying in the human stream. The man stood stock still in the middle of the apartment, his face glowing with anger and resentment.

"Fainéants!" he roared, comprehending the assembly in one sweep of his arms, the gesture of an enraged giant. "Fainéants!"

He paused, as if expecting a challenge, but none came. "Miserable, do-nothing wastrels, who spend the money of the poor, earned by sweat and suffering!"

"None of that here," said the Manager, rushing forward to interrupt the flow. "This is not the Labour Exchange."

"Here, hands off, bourgeois," sharply said the other, "or it will be the worse for you. It is the Revolution, to-night, and death to the bourgeoisie."

His words made an evident impression. The Manager retreated a moment to whisper to his assistants, "This is Bourgade, the Labour leader."

Clearing his throat, Bourgade recommenced. The room rang with a fierce denunciation of wealth and luxury. "Why," he thundered, addressing a particular table, "you spend here on champagne, in a single evening, enough to keep a whole family in comfort for a fortnight."

The male guests grew restless under the diatribe. Many were strangers and but half comprehended, but voice and gesture told that they and their class were being condemned. Instinctively they rebelled against the intrusion. It was shocking bad taste.

The women in the room listened, particularly the "demi-monde," fascinated by the energy and boldness of the man. For once they felt sympathy with the class from which they sprang, now declaring its right to live and to occupy its place in the sun. But fear was mixed with appreciation. Would they be spared in this overwhelming torrent? They were women; surely, they would not be attacked. None the less, they grew a little restless at the thought.

"C'est mon type d'homme," whispered one befeathered beauty to her "friend."

Insensible to the feminine homage, the man continued as if he were an inspired being, summoned from another world to rebuke sin.

"Not only do you drink away the rightful heritage of the poor," he pursued, in the same deep, masterful voice, "but you corrupt the women of the workers, debasing their instincts, causing them to deliver their bodies to your lust." It was almost in prophetic strain. His hearers were visibly fatigued.

"Voyons, qu'est-ce qu'il-y-a?" asked someone irritably.

The leader turned on him, full of insult: "Aristo! fainéant!"

"Assez! assez!" shouted his audience.

More lights had been brought in, and the café wore a brighter look. The Labour leader suddenly gave a start of amazement and consternation. "Ah!" his eye rested on the features of one of the "half-world": "You here, *you*!" The accent on the "you" was extraordinarily emphatic. It was addressed to the young woman, beautifully gowned and brilliantly bedecked, who accompanied the Russian. The leader changed colour, ill at ease. As if anxious to go and yet fearing to depart, the young woman rose up and then sank back into her seat.

"Horrible, shameless——" His lips framed a terrible word, which he hurled at her.

The audience sat spellbound, as in the presence of strong drama.

"So it is you—you, who have brought disgrace on the noble cause of labour. We who believed—ah, what fools we were!—that you were earning your living by honest work in the *magasin*."

He paused, and a tortured expression overspread his face. The girl cowered in her seat, quivering with emotion: "Mon père, que tu es cruel!" The expression startled the company. Then, "Margaret Deslier," in her Paquin gown and pearls, was the daughter of Bourgade, the Labour leader! Impossible! And yet there was something in the look of the man as he stood in the glimmer of the lamps, threatening society as the Angel of the Revolution, which bespoke a descent superior to his present state.

And she: had one ever seen a lovelier creature? Her expressive eyes were fringed with long lashes; her delicate fingers needed no jewels to enhance their beauty. Her hair, bound in bandeaux,

formed a soft, alluring frame to the face. Indeed, no picture was more inspiring. Instinctively, the heart of that strange, thoughtless, even vicious assembly went out to her. She looked so delicate, so refined, as she sat there, a picture of beauty in despair. Was it possible that she was really the daughter of this agitator?

And he, growing more insistent every moment, laid down the law with terrible firmness. But as he looked at her, his mood changed. A wave of emotion passed across his face. He put his hands to his eyes. Was he weeping? One did not know, but a new note sounded in his voice—a note of pleading: "Go home, go home, wretched girl, to your poor mother."

"And you"—he turned brusquely to designate the man—"you miserable corruptor, shameless debaucher of my child!"

The Prince rose haughtily. "Enough of this nonsensical violence. I corrupt no one; I debauch no one. If she likes . . ." He hesitated, leaving the phrase unfinished. Then he added imperiously: "I command you to stop." The excitement, the necessity for prompt action, sobered him. He was no longer under the influence of drink—a mere wastrel—but an aristocrat ready to defend his caste. "Silence, I say, and respect your betters!"

In the crash that followed—lamps swept from the table, crockery lying in a broken mass on the floor, chairs upset—none knew who had struck the first blow. Some who were present took the Labour leader's part; there was a mad mêlée. Women screamed, men writhed on the ground like snakes.

The agitator rose bleeding from wounds in the face. "Sacré aristocrate!" he roared at the Prince, "you shall pay for this." He lurched savagely through the swing doors into the night, raging with a wild mad spirit of vengeance. The professional smile had gone from the proprietor's lips; he realised the gravity of the situation. The Revolution had broken out and this was the end of all.

"Quick, the shutters."

A stone impinged upon the iron, as it descended, with a sharp ring: "Gentlemen, excuse me," and he bowed the guests away.

"But it is not possible!" expostulated the Prince. He seemed to possess the clearest head of all. A curious figure he looked. His face was blackened and bruised, and blood gushed from a wound in the forehead.

"You cannot turn these women out to-night; they will be murdered."

"Mais, mon Prince, you do not think of my restaurant; it will be blown to bits as Henry tried to blow the Café Terminus, years ago."

Margaret Deslier was hurriedly gathering her things together: the hand-bag into which was stuffed scent and powder and the essentials of a woman's toilette who has to look well at midnight. It was disagreeable, dangerous even, to meet the mob outside; she would be insulted, killed perhaps. Her father could not save her. And the Prince, had he not struck her father? He would be marked as a victim—one of the first victims—of revolutionary violence. Why had she placed herself in such a position? She fell to musing in a pained, distracted sort of way. There was no avenue of hope open. She could not go home——

Lost in her reveries, she had not noticed that, through the open door, men were staggering under a burden, swaying slowly into the room.

What! Had they killed him already, her Prince and protector?

In an agony of fear and self-reproach she hastened towards the group that was bearing the body into the now darkened room.

"O la canaille!" she ejaculated, and then, groaning: "Mon Edouard, mon Edouard!"

"I am here, *chérie*!" said the Prince, coming up to her from out of the semi-darkness.

She put her arm in his. "I was so frightened. I thought that object over there was you—I had blue fear—I imagined you were dead."

"No, not yet," and he laughed. "Some ruffian has been run over, they say, by the very car belonging to the organisers of the strike. It was going about without lights, it seems."

"Let me see. Anyone I know?"

Turning from the Prince, she went closer to the bier. Gently she drew aside the overcoat that was stretched across the form and uncovered the face. It was her father's.

She did not realise that Edouard was trying to rouse her, to carry her home. Only dully reached her ears the sounds of stones rattling against the windows; the café was besieged.

The besieged garrison within formed a striking contrast in their finery and paint with the figure of the leader struck down at the moment of victory, the first victim of the Revolution. And she was responsible; she felt that.

"What is that?" she asked wearily. The sound of cheering had roused her. The Prince bent over and whispered, "The soldiers have come and cleared the street. The Revolution is over—before it has well begun. Come, we are quite safe now."



ON THE LINKS

By HENRY LEACH.

Short Shafts for Golf.

Just now it seems that the world of golf is seething with new ideas. It is a common thing for the mind, in its relation to the practical parts of the game, to become a little more energetic than usual, not to say excited, as the days lengthen out and we advance towards the new season of continuous effort and ambitions; but this time, far more than ever before, there have been keen investigations, developments along somewhat new lines, and some most interesting controversies—most of the latter in regard to both club and methods. Now of the controversies it seems to me that the one on the length of the shafts of wooden clubs is by far the most interesting and

instructive that we have ever had, while it has certainly been participated in by the largest body of capable and well-known golfers. I write of it in the present tense, because, though it has for the time being departed from those newspapers in which it had its origin, it is being carried on vigorously in most of the club-houses and on the first teeing-grounds during the waiting times on fine mornings. Talking the matter over with an ardent golfer while we were resting just before going out for our second round on a fine day last week, I was informed that he had calculated that over three miles of shafting had been cut off the ends of wooden clubs to which it belonged, an inch or two at a time, and consigned to the heaps of rubbish along with the shavings and bits of leather that come out from the professionals' shops. He reckoned in this way on the basis of one golfer in three of the golfing population of this country having an average of an inch cut off each of two of his wooden clubs, and he argued that his estimate was conservative, because many golfers would have more than an inch at a time removed. It may be so, and if it is, heaven only knows how many miles of nice shafting will be done for when these ideas take root in the American mind, as I am told they are just beginning to do!

The Cause of the Bother.

The original seed of this development was put in the ground by Tom Ball, the very clever young professional, who was at the same time brilliantly successful and yet a little unlucky in being second in the Open Championship two years in succession, being the two before the last two; but he did this sowing unostentatiously and unconsciously. The fact is that Ball is a very unconventional kind of player, or, at all events, is one who never gives tradition and common usage a second thought when he conceives that he may achieve his end rather more effectively than before by the aid of some new

method that occurs to him. He has always been rather inclined towards drivers and brasses shorter than the average, and lately he cut a little more off his shafts and brought them down to 41 inches, measured from the heel to the other end. These short clubs of his are heavy and whippy, with the spring reaching high up, so that, as he says, he has the feel underneath the grip. This is practically the effect that was achieved by the Dreadnought drivers. With such clubs he has been doing some most prodigiously long driving, and, when he has been appealed to, he has extolled the superior merits of short clubs over long ones for the greater control that the player has over them when making

his stroke, and the more power that he can with confidence apply to it, especially in the matter of wrist work. But Ball alone could hardly have caused such excitement in the golf world as has been done by this matter lately, nor created what we might almost call such a little boom in short shafts. He has been supported in his contentions by some of the greatest players of the time. Alexander Herd is wholly of the same mind, and believes that amateurs in general do not give sufficient attention to this question.

A Point in the Mechanics.

All the professionals who use comparatively short clubs declare that they do so because they have greater control over them than over longer ones, can get in their wrist-work better and maintain a nicer accuracy. It has been conclusively shown that amateurs in general use clubs which on the average are an inch, or a trifle more than that, longer than those employed by the professionals. The latter's favourite length is 42 inches, and it is rarely more

than 42½; but amateurs' clubs are frequently 43 and 44 inches, measured from heel to end. The amateur has a vague idea that length of shaft means extra distance to be gained by the stroke. He has heard something about leverage, and has a most erroneous notion that the laws of mechanics apply favourably to the case. Just lately I saw the statement deliberately made that, "given other things equal, including force expended, it is obvious that the long shaft will bring the head of the club on to the ball more quickly and hit it harder than the short shaft." It is this appalling blunder that is responsible for many players using longer shafts than they should. Blunder it obviously is. The longer the shaft the slower and more gently will the end of it move with an equal application of power. When players in general grasp this most elementary fact in the A.B.C. of mechanics there will be more inches cut off wooden clubs.



A HEAVEN-DESCENDED GOLFER: M. VÉDRINES COMES TO GROUND BY MONOPLANE AT BIARRITZ FOR HIS FIRST GAME.

M. Védrières, the famous French airman, who, it will be recalled, made such a gallant fight against M. Beaumont in the Circuit of Britain, was recently initiated into the mysteries of golf at Biarritz. Disdaining terrestrial methods of locomotion, he flew from Pau to Biarritz in his monoplane, and came to earth actually on the links—a heaven-descended golfer.

FRIVOLITIES OF PHRYNETTE

THE BOARDS AND BENCHES.

By MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London."

I CAME to England with clear-cut, sharp, limpid, neat, precise ideas of what was proper and what was not. Now these ideas are strangely changed. Their shape has become elastic, their quality opaque, and their outlines are, to speak like my drawing-master, altogether "woolly." This is what England has done for me—England the *pudibond*, England the squeezing corseted, England where plays, surely cut out from "Sundays with the Chicks," or other parish magazines, are perforce performed in private, and where divorces are thickly spread on the daily papers, as the unclean parts of high game on toasts of "standard" bread. What would be merely risqué on the boards, garnished with wit and acted with art, becomes scandalous on the benches. In my unmoral country, they at least close the door on washing-days. Shame on the indelicate and indecent public who fill the Divorce Court! I would no more think of looking into other people's alcoves than of drilling holes in a bathing-box. But then I am a creature of strange prejudices. It would actually be repugnant to me that the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker, alias Messieurs of the Jury, after having wiped Justice's scales with their greasy aprons, should weigh me therein and find me wanting. Oh, là là! It's then the scales would be turned with a vengeance! I'd much rather not defend myself, and be D—ivorced, without all the dishonours of the fête.

Naughty, naughty English people! What was that fell from the wise lips of a K.C. recently—and he knew, you bet, though one should not bet on such a holy sacrament as divorce: "If people gave up keeping diaries and tore up their love-letters, the morality of this country would lose one of its most substantial props." Exactly. And if a diary is not truthful, it's no use whatever; if it is truthful, it's mighty dangerous. For whereas people are very careful in locking up their hair-dyes, their pads, their false teeth, and their glass eyes—which, after all, are only worthy little

confiding kind of friends) in abject terror and subjection all one's life. Not only do I not keep a diary, but I assiduously cultivate a bad memory. My friends are quite safe with me.

As for letters, they should all be dead. Dead letters tell no tales. I have heard a rather piquant story of some love-letters which came to brief (it is not a printer's error—I meant brief) and



MISS HELEN MARY DU BOULAY AND CAPTAIN ALGERNON WALKER HENEAGE, R.N., WHOSE MARRIAGE WAS FIXED TO TAKE PLACE ON MARCH 2.

Miss Helen Mary du Boulay is a daughter of Captain E. de Vismes du Boulay, and Mrs. du Boulay, of Belknap, Ryde. Captain Heneage is the son of the late Major C. Walker Heneage, V.C., and Mrs. Heneage, of Compton Bassett, Wilts. In our issue of Feb. 28, we published, with a portrait of Captain Heneage, one purporting to show Miss Helen Mary du Boulay. In point of fact, this showed Miss Helen du Boulay's sister, Miss Hildegard du Boulay. We very much regret this error, due to a photographer supplying a wrong photograph, and take this opportunity of expressing that regret.—[Photographs by Swaine.]

grief also. The story was told me by a woman friend, but it's true, nevertheless. They were discussing a fashionable divorce in a fashionable salon. "And, do you know," said one of those sinners that had not yet been found out, "his wife discovered in his writing-table a whole pile of letters from Mme. de X." At this very moment entered Mme. de X. She had overheard the last words, and drew herself up with the virtuous indignation of guilt. "How infamous!" she cried—"how dare you repeat such impossible falsehoods! Know, then, that I make it a rule never to write."

If her phrasing was unfortunate, her resolution was a most felicitous one. Very few women can attain such a height of prudence. If they only knew that men are far too gross to care for paper proofs of love, that they stumble over an epigram as they fumble over a knot, that the fate of those little notes, written on a corner of a dressing-table while the maid is heating the iron and the Dupe reading divorce cases in his morning paper, chuckling at the blind credulity of some husbands—if they knew that the fate of those little notes is to light the Elected One's pipe, or, forgotten in a waistcoat pocket, be sent therein to the dry-cleaner! If women knew! And if men knew, the husband, the lover, how little they count in that game of make-believe! If they knew that it is not man the woman loves, but—love!

If we all knew, if we knew enough and knew in time, why there would be no divorce, because there would be no marriage. We would all live in Arcadia. There lovers would have no false prestige, no aureole made of distance and uncertainty. They would have no advantage over husbands, for all husbands would be lovers. There perjury and libel would be starved and homeless, for there would be no Divorce Court arrogating to itself the divine right of deciding whom man and woman should love and live with. There no man might covet more than his neighbour's ass, for every woman would possess herself. There would be no more clamour, no more disputes, no more bargaining around the most sacred of all death-beds—the bed where love lay inert and cold! But the man and the woman, alone with the dead child of their soul, would, silent and noble in their grief, close reverently the white lids over the eyes that saw and wept, the eyes of love defunct. Then, walking hand in hand from the house of the dead, they would part on the threshold sans lawyer, sans jury, and sans Press—with a kiss of adieu.



DAUGHTER-IN-LAW OF LORD ROSEBERY: LADY DALMENY.

Before her marriage to Lord Dalmeny, Lord Rosebery's heir, which took place in 1909, Lady Dalmeny was known as Miss Dorothy Grosvenor, daughter of Lord Henry Grosvenor, uncle of the Duke of Westminster.—[Photo by Foulsham and Hanfield.]

tokens of respect to public æsthetic sense—their carelessness in regard to their diary is nothing short of a breach of confidence. The best that can be said in favour of a diary is that it serves to amuse one's maid or one's valet, and keep one's intimate friends (the



THE WHEEL AND THE WING

Advance, Berlin! When will our City Fathers, and our London County Council Grandmothers, if they have the power, emulate the progressive spirit of the authorities of Berlin, who, right in the van of progress, have promulgated an edict wiping the horse-drawn cab off the streets of Berlin for ever and aye? These vehicles are now regarded as obsolete, and altogether undesirable in the streets of the city on the Spree. Something of the kind might very well be done for London, for the hansom, once the smartest vehicle in our streets, has become a ludicrous object, while the four-wheeler is beyond criticism. Both vehicles are dying a lingering death, and it would be but kindness to emulate the German example and put them out of their misery without delay. The old lady of to-day, so far from disliking a taxi, actually revels in one, while the old gentleman who still yearns for a "keb" should not be indulged in such primordial longings.

A Move at Last. It is gratifying to find that the Government has at last realised that something, if ever so little, should be done in the matter of military aviation. We are still, of course, to lag behind all but the effete nations, but the lag will not be so pronounced as heretofore. Taking the figures given in the House of Commons the other night, France is expending



WITH SMART ALL-WEATHER COUPÉ BODY: THE 15-H.P. 1912 STRAKER-SQUIRE.
The car seats three inside and has a folding dickey seat at the back.

three times and Germany more than twice as much as is this country on military aeronautics. It is estimated that the sum of money earmarked for the purchase of aeroplanes and stores will suffice for the dizzy total of forty of these machines, when Italy is promising herself a fleet of 300 in the near future. But thanks must be rendered for small mercies, and there is comfort in the reflection that a military aerodrome is to be established on Salisbury Plain. Some notion of how far the authorities have realised their weighty responsibilities in this matter will be made evident by the selection for the command of the establishment.

To Post Posterity! Automobile engineering is not without honour in the Science Museum at South Kensington. The authorities there show a highly commendable desire to install machines and parts of machines which may aid the historian in the days to come, and which but for their thought might be only book-recorded to posterity. At the present moment the Museum possesses one of the direct-driven motor-cycles invented and made by Colonel H. C. L. Holden, F.R.S., some fifteen years ago, in which the four-cylinder engine formed an integral part of the motor-cycle frame; it was fitted with high-tension electrical ignition, and a jet carburetter. The engine drove from a common cross-head by two connecting-rods directly on to cranks on the back wheel, which was of very small diameter. Now, and by request of the authorities, this primal motor-bicycle is flanked by one of the latest productions of the day in the shape of a Rudge-Whitworth machine with all its known improvements. It is presented as the most typical machine of its day. It is also interesting to note

that an example of the Rudge-Whitworth Detachable Wire Wheel is likewise shown.

A Trial à Outrance. Now the snow has cleared away, the 15-h.p. Napier which made so light of Cudham, Westerham, and other South-country hills in a recent trial has gone north to toy with Sutton Bank and Greenhow Hills several times a day for a week. Before my readers con this paragraph the test will be over and we shall have learned how this popular car came through so trying an ordeal. It will be remembered that Sutton Bank entered into the itinerary of the Prince Henry Tour, and was then responsible for holding up quite a number of English and German cars. With cars geared for the finely graded climbs of the Continent, I fancy our German friends thought Sutton Bank a little too, too, although it soothed their vanity to find that some English cars refused likewise. Only the first day's run of the Napier car has been chronicled as yet, but on that occasion she was seen to climb the Bank twice with great aplomb.



CROSSING A SPRUIT IN SOUTH AFRICA: "ALICE," AN 18-H.P. WOLSELEY.

The car is the property of Dr. Russell, who owns two Wolseley cars—the one in the picture, which he has christened "Alice," and a 30-h.p. named "Clara." "Alice" has done 38,000 miles, and "Clara" 39,000 miles, and both have given great satisfaction. In view of the general conditions obtaining on South African roads, this speaks very well for the reliability of the cars.

Huile de Luxe. Springlike though the weather is at the moment of writing, there are assuredly cold snaps ahead, cold nights and mornings, when one finds one's engine parlous hard to turn over, particularly if she has been standing for a day or two. Now, this stiffness is, as everyone knows, due mainly to the congealing of the oil, and hitherto the task of producing an engine-oil sufficiently viscous to do good work, and yet which will not thicken in cold weather, seems to have defied the lubricant experts. All but one, however, and that one, Veitch Wilson, of Price's, who, greatly daring, is now putting out an engine-oil which appears to defy low temperatures. It is called Huile de Luxe, and is a luxury indeed.



CLIMBING THE BROOKLANDS TEST HILL WITH SIX "UP": THE NEW 12-H.P. 4-CYLINDER ROVER.
The Rover climbed the Brooklands Test Hill with six up on standard gear. The weight of the car without the passengers was 2380 lb., and loaded as seen in the photograph it weighed 3484 lb. These weights were recorded by the Brooklands weighing-machine.

One who has used it for some time assures me that it never gums up and that it appears to serve his engine—a small high-speed one—as well as, if not better than, the heavier oils previously used.



By CAPTAIN COE.

Weather and Form.

Should the delightfully mild weather that has prevailed since the week's frost hold until the flat-race season begins, the form of the opening week or two should be more reliable than is usual so early in the year. Trainers could not possibly hope for better conditions, and if owners want their horses got ready for early engagements, there is nothing in the weather conditions to prevent them from being got to top hole. From nearly all the training centres the story is the same—that the ground was never in better order; and we may expect to see thoroughbreds more forward in the last week in March than they generally are at Epsom Spring Meeting. It is difficult to size up a horse's condition before he is stripped, and when, as is the case with one or two of the Newmarket-trained Lincolnshire Handicap horses and several trained at other places, work can be done on a private galloping ground. This was the case with Mercutio last year. Most of the Newmarket critics thought he had not been doing enough work before the Lincolnshire Handicap, but when they saw him stripped a short time before the race they knew that Joe Cannon had slipped a lot of galloping into him on his private ground. Not that he is a horse that requires a strenuous preparation; for it will be well remembered that the best race he ran last year was in the Select Stakes in the autumn, when he was considered far from fit for the task. Many people think he holds an excellent chance of copying the feats of Ob; and his younger brother, Braxted, is also much admired at headquarters. My correspondent there is very sweet on the pair. The only definite move made on the race is the backing of Warfare, whose form last year was very moderate. He is weighted like a bad

to complete the course in the Grand National. It is to be noted that the latter offer is not confined to a horse merely standing up; if your choice fall and be remounted and finish you win your money. I don't know whether the offer was in existence last year. I should imagine not, and that the fact that all bar Glenside fell, and that only three others finished, induced them to hit upon the new idea—that is to say, new idea in making the offer public. I know one man who has made a lot of money by private deals of the sort on the

Derby each year. Last year's Grand National, on the same basis, would have brought the layers in a lot of money, for nearly all the "safe conveyances" failed to get the course, and of those that did finish, very few would have picked Shady Girl or Foolhardy. In 1910, when Jenkinstown won, only six others completed the journey, some of them being very unlikely ones. Lutteur's year, however, would have brought grief to the bookmakers, for no fewer than nineteen out of the thirty-two that started finished, a surprisingly large percentage, which was approached the year previously, when eleven stood up behind Rubio, twenty-four having started for the race. In Eremon's year, the percentage of finishers was very high—nine out of fourteen. It is exceedingly unlikely that last

year's fiasco will be repeated next month, and I should think that an even fiver about Rathnally would prove to be a good bet. One commission agent will give a run if the bets are made before March 22.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

Gatwick, to-day: International Hurdle, Butcher Bird; March Steeplechase, Flying Loris; Moderate Hurdle, Tip and Run; Tyro



ERECTED AT A COST OF OVER £12,000: THE NEW MEMBERS' STAND AT THE JOHANNESBURG TURF CLUB, JOHANNESBURG.

Photograph by Fleet Agency.



THE "ETON HUNT": A MEET OF THE ETON BEAGLES.

Mr. Ralph Nevill, in his new book, "Floreat Etona," says: "This chapter cannot be concluded without some reference to the Eton Hunt, as the beagles have sometimes been facetiously called. The pack in question would appear to have first been started about 1840 under the auspices of Anstruther-Thompson, in after life one of the best-known and most popular Masters of Hounds in England. For some years later its existence was rather precarious, at times resembling that of a contemporary college pack, which was once declared to consist of a single long-backed Scotch terrier. From the earliest days of the hunt, however, there appears to have been some attempt at a regular organisation. The whips, for instance, had E.C.H. on the buttons of their coats."—[Photograph by M. Dixon and Co.]

horse, but some very tall tales are in circulation as to what he did with Eton Boy in a trial gallop.

"Evens."

One or two of the bookmakers who deal in futures offer, in the hope of stimulating business, even money against naming a horse to finish in the first six in the Lincolnshire Handicap, and even money against naming a horse

Steeplechase, Police Trap. To-morrow: Copthorne Hurdle, Katanga; Gorse Hurdle, Uncle Ted; Tantivy Steeplechase, Andy White. Windsor, Friday: Falstaff Steeplechase, Snap; Burnham Steeplechase, Kippeen; Bracknell Hurdle, Gallivant; Curfew Hurdle, Poet Laureate. Saturday: Royal Steeplechase, Razorbill; Claremont Steeplechase, Kya Lami; Staines Hurdle, 17; Weir Steeplechase, Mask Off.



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Opening the Door of the Cage.

It is a singular symptom of our present civilisation that all those who have to work bitterly deplore their lot, while those who have not are as passionately anxious to acquire an occupation. Roughly speaking, it is the men-folk who would like the leisure, while all the women are clamouring to occupy, if not their hands, at any rate their brains. The modernest of modern girls, nowadays, does not wish to "come out," to go to balls and operas, and to take the air on the back-seat of the family vehicle, as the Victorian girl used to do. No, forsooth, she looks for work, has a reasonable apprehension about her future, and altogether behaves with less gay carelessness than her undergraduate brother. Even the small number of poor-spirited girls who are left "caged" in provincial villas and Kensington terraces are to be roused from their apathy by Miss Josephine Knowles, who proposes to tour the country and rouse these limpet-like creatures, much as one stirs up a sea-anemone in a miniature aquarium.

**A TURBAN.**

The turban is in Leghorn straw of a natural shade, turned back off the face with a gathered piece of Venetian point lace. In the front it has a black plume.

Even her matrimonial chances are considerably bettered, it seems, if the Young Person of to-day has an occupation. Efficiency is the modern shibboleth, and it is better to have acquired the art of cookery or leader-writing, of singing a comic song or of eliminating an appendix, than to sit on a sofa surrounded by all the deadening, soul-destroying influences of "the home circle." Possibly the feminine craze for "work" will result in our having a still larger class of young men of leisure, who will supply that atmosphere of polite futility which it was once woman's privilege to create.

Why American History is Dull.

American women are fond of talking of England as a "Man's country," and of declaring that the whole show is run in masculine interests alone; but this island might be likened to a car drawn by rosy-fingered nymphs compared with the United States of America, where Woman's influence in politics and affairs is, and has always been, practically nil. A great modern authority has recently declared that no woman in America has exercised the least semblance of power, nor have women ever aspired to power. They neither make nor unmake Presidents, and the American is neither induced to turn traitor nor lifted to patriotism by means of a woman's smiles. English history (still more, that of France) is filled with the swish of petticoats, with laughing and lovely faces, with slender hands trained to the pulling of political ropes, with deft and subtle feminine brains applied to political affairs. But on the other side of the Atlantic there is no trace of any such influence. A Madame de Maintenon, a Duchess of Marlborough are unthinkable over there; still less a Pompadour or a Castlemaine. And this is why we Europeans feel, in reading American history, that it is exceedingly dull. It lacks the human note. We hear soldiers marching and lawyers wrangling, but

the alluring, entrancing "feminine interest" is lacking. It is like a play without a heroine or even a soubrette to light up the commonplace scene. As a matter of fact, the only heroine of American history was not "American" at all, but Red Indian, and Princess Pocahontas supplies the only gleam of Romance in the annals of the great Republic.

The Extinct "Man of Pleasure."

A very keen judge of English society recently deplored the passing away of the Man of Pleasure, that elegant and tasteful individual who was still to be seen in Edwardian times, but who will soon be as extinct as the Dodo. The Man of Pleasure, to be sure, raised living to a fine art, and drew down the Graces and the Amoretti into a grey and censorious world. He was usually a Dandy, thus adding to the attractions of the streets and drawing-rooms, and he spent his money (and often enough other people's) with a princely disregard of thrift. Troops of people ministered to his caprices and his tastes; he set a shining, nay, dazzling example of cultivated prodigality. He "carried his wine like a man"; his amours filled the town with wonder and scandal; he was at home in every great European capital. And what, say those who deplore his passing, do we find nowadays in his stead? A silent, clean-shaven young man, so indefinite of aspect that he might be twenty-four or forty, who drinks nothing but barley-water, practises an unceasing hygiene, and who devotes his whole time to some hobby like aviation, exploring, or the like. He is understood to care very little for love-affairs, but, like the up-to-date youth in Octave Mirbeau's "Les Affaires sont les Affaires," is mildly interested in those of his father.

**A HAT IN CERISE-COLOURED TAGAL.**

The above is a large shape in cerise-coloured Tagal, faced underneath with black Tagal, and trimmed with a high black aigrette.

pean capital. And what, say those who deplore his passing, do we find nowadays in his stead? A silent, clean-shaven young man, so indefinite of aspect that he might be twenty-four or forty, who drinks nothing but barley-water, practises an unceasing hygiene, and who devotes his whole time to some hobby like aviation, exploring, or the like. He is understood to care very little for love-affairs, but, like the up-to-date youth in Octave Mirbeau's "Les Affaires sont les Affaires," is mildly interested in those of his father.

**THE NEW SPIRAL WOMAN: A TEA-GOWN IN THE GREEK MANNER.**

This model suggests the Greek influence, and indicates that the tight-fitting fashion is giving way to a more spiral effect. The tea-gown is in grey silk cashmere. The tunic ends in a point at one side, and the train is edged with braid in a darker shade of grey.

Drawn by F. Boscher.

**A TOQUE.**

This is a very high toque of green taffetas. At the side there is a large wing forming a fan shape, made of finely pleated appliqué lace.

Behind the Gilded Grille.

In Mr. J. Collings Squire's amusing book, "Imaginary Speeches," in which he so deftly reproduces the typical sayings of our political celebrities, we have the kind of oration which we expect to hear from Mr. Lloyd George or Mr. F. E. Smith, but which, when we are privileged to hear these lights of modern politics, we somehow never do. Only yesterday, for instance, I sat with my nose pressed against the gilded grille of the Ladies' Gallery (surely the last remnant of feudal times now remaining!) and tried to hear the Cabinet, one after the other, reply to questions. Were there any flights of eloquence or sparkling mendacities? Not at all. They might have all been grocers answering a customer's inquiry for a particular brand of tea or soap. The proceedings were quiet, not to say soporific. Still, one always learns something by a visit to the House, and I was able to ascertain several interesting facts. 1. A Liberal Government does not sit with its feet on the table; 2. A Liberal Government does not wear its hat; 3. A Liberal Government is not bald; in fact, it has a quantity of hair. The observation of these little details had to compensate for the absence of brilliant oratory.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on March 12.

LAST WEEK.

DURING the past week markets have passed through a very trying period, and the manner in which they have stood the strain can be considered highly satisfactory. Business, of course, in Home Rails and kindred securities has been much restricted and the whole section overshadowed by the Coal Crisis. At first the course of prices was downwards, but since the Government's announcement that the coal-owners are to be coerced into a settlement a more optimistic feeling has prevailed, and, on balance, changes are unimportant. Some of the underground issues, however, have been quite buoyant. Considering the seriousness of the situation, the decline in prices during the last month has been remarkably small, as the following examples will show—

	Feb. 1.	March 2.	Fall.
Great Eastern	66 $\frac{3}{4}$	63 $\frac{1}{2}$	2 $\frac{3}{4}$
Great Western	122 $\frac{1}{4}$	116	6 $\frac{1}{4}$
London and North-Western ..	140	133	7
London and South-Western Def. ..	45 $\frac{1}{2}$	42	3 $\frac{1}{2}$

Among other Railways, Mexican and Brazil issues rallied at the end of the week, but Americans have continued to be lifeless, and Canadians have been sympathetically depressed; but Guayaquil is higher on reassuring news from Ecuador.

In the Mining section, all the interest has centred round Nigerian Tin shares, and prices have been hoisted up at a rapid rate. The market is almost surprised at its own strength, but seems to recover easily from any set-backs caused by profit-taking. For those who care to come in at the present stage we think there is still room for a rise in Bauchi Preference, and perhaps in Gel Tin Lode. Rubbers have been very quiet, but the exceedingly satisfactory state of the market for the raw material supports the idea that more attention will be paid to this section in the near future.

THE DEPRECIATION OF CONSOLS.

In the course of a most interesting speech at the meeting of the English Association of American Bond and Shareholders, the chairman, Mr. Waldron Smithers, dealt very fully with the question of the depreciation of Consols, and took a much more optimistic view than that held in many quarters. It must be confessed that he makes out a very strong case for his argument.

He attributes the high price of Consols and other securities in 1897 to the cheapness of money and the stagnation of trade which existed during the preceeding fifteen years, and the subsequent fall to present level he explains by the alteration of these conditions. The change from stagnation to activity began in 1898, and the figures of our trade rose from 745 millions in 1897 to 1238 millions in 1911, or an increase of 493 millions as compared with an increase of only 13 millions in the previous 15 years. The financing of this huge increase at home and the revival of American and Canadian activity have offered fresh openings for the employment of capital, and as long as the present prosperous conditions continue Mr. Smithers considers the chance of any considerable revival of prices for gilt-edged securities to be remote.

He instances the London and North Western Railway 3 per cent. Debentures, which stood at 120 against to-day's price of 82, and the 4 per cent. Preference stock of the same Company, which stood at 154 $\frac{1}{2}$, and so yielded only £2 12s. 6d. per cent., while at 209 the Ordinary stock was bought to yield only 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

In conclusion he says, "On a 3 per cent. basis Consols are now 94 $\frac{1}{2}$, French Rentes 93, and German 3 per cent. Consols 82. Our national security still maintains the highest price of the stocks of the three great European countries, and yet Great Britain has financed a war, and supplied the capital to open up the undeveloped countries of the world in far greater proportion than any other nation."

ODDS AND ENDS.

In a letter which we had the other day from a friend lately returned from the Gold Coast, he remarks that "Abbontiakoon will go up in June or July, when the new mill is at work, and the great lot of bullion is sent home. It is a good mine, and under good management." If, however, it is amalgamated with the Taquah, our correspondent seems to think that most of the benefit will be on the side of the latter Company. We confess to a fancy for Jos Tin, although the capital of £110,000, all issued, is a pretty tall one. Still, the Company turns out a lot of tin, and at 6s. the shares look a good speculation.

The meeting of the International Investment Trust was a very happy function. The revenue increased during the year, and the securities likewise improved in value. Perhaps even more satisfactory was the statement that the Trust's interest in coal was very small. We have often recommended the 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ per Cent. Cumulative Preference stock as a sound investment; and, with so many people casting about to get a safe 5 per cent. investment, we cannot understand how the price hangs about 90 so long. The income is amply secured and the dividend is cumulative, while before the

capital could be in danger the whole of the £400,000 of Deferred capital would have to vanish.

The report of the Anglo-Russian Trust, Ltd., bringing the accounts up to Dec. 31 last, is a very satisfactory document, and the Company appears to be making good progress. The profits enable a dividend of 10 per cent. to be paid for the year, £7365 to be written off preliminary expenses, and over £15,000 to be carried forward, which is not a bad showing for the second year of a new Company, and highly creditable to Mr. C. B. Crisp, the chairman, and moving spirit of the business.

Of the great Mutual Insurance offices, the Scottish Widows' Fund has just issued its report for last year. New business amounting to 4009 policies, insuring £2,402,972, has been effected; while life annuities to the amount of £21,126 have been granted. The rate of working expenses comes out at £6 1s. 3d. per cent. of the total revenue; and under participating policies, the Society during the year under review has paid an average of £157 for each £100 originally assured. An eminent example of the advantages of mutual insurance.

The Directors of the *General Ceylon Rubber and Tea Estates* announce a final dividend of 17 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., making, with the interim dividend, 25 per cent. for the year, as compared with 20 per cent. for the previous year. This is up to the highest estimate given in this column some weeks ago. The full report is not yet published, but the following are some comparative figures for 1911 and 1910—

	Paid in Dividend.	Written off Coast Advances.	Placed to Reserve.	Carried Forward.
1910 ..	£28,387	£2000	..	£8,612
1911 ..	£45,750	£5000	£3380	£11,000

The Company has made larger profits both from tea and rubber. For the current year it is inevitable that there should be a further considerable advance in profits, for the rubber crop will be much larger, with the sale price about the same. It seems probable that the dividend will be increased to about 35 per cent. In the circumstances it is remarkable that the shares should be standing at no more than 3 $\frac{1}{2}$, which is lower than the price ruling a year ago, although all the anticipations then formed have been more than realised. The shares are a good purchase up to £4.

Now that the scheme for the reorganisation of the capital of the *Lagunas Syndicate* has been carried out, the prices of the new shares and Debentures are just about what was anticipated here last year, the quotation for the Debentures being 98, and for the new £1 shares, 16s. 6d. for special settlement. The latter are pretty certain to advance to 20s., and should be bought at anything under that price. Under the new scheme, £60,000 has to be set aside each year for the service and redemption of the Debentures, the remainder being available for dividend. Last year's net profit was £107,430, which, on this basis, would have admitted of a dividend of 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the new shares, after setting aside £60,000. It was stated at the meeting, however, that a larger profit might be confidently expected for the current year, owing to the rise in nitrate. Probably, therefore, 10 per cent. will be earned on these shares, although possibly not more than 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. may be paid, a larger amount being provided for the more rapid extinction of the Debentures. Even on a 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. basis the new shares may be expected to go to at least 20s., for few, if any, Nitrate shares can now be bought to return 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. When the whole of the Debentures have been paid off, all the profits will, of course, be available for dividend on the shares. Q.

"THE MINING MANUAL."

We have received the twenty-sixth issue of this well-known book of reference, which may well be described as the standard reference work on the subject. The new edition certainly maintains the high quality of its predecessors, and in all deals with 3160 Companies, divided into three groups—namely, Australasian, African, and Miscellaneous; while, in addition, there are the usual lists of mining directors, secretaries, etc., and the dictionary of mining terms. In the present edition a new feature has been added by including the market names of many leading shares in the index. Throughout the book the latest prices are given down to Jan. 12 of this year, and the whole information is in all cases brought up to about that date; while in an appendix will be found the latest registrations and other useful information to within a few days of publication. The book is, as always, well done, and invaluable to both mining investors and speculators.

Saturday, March 2, 1912.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

T. H.—Your letter was answered on Feb. 29.

W. B. G.—The trouble with Liptons has been the increase in the price of their raw material, which, while not diminishing the turn-over, has decreased the profits. It looks as if there was not much improvement in this direction. We should feel inclined to hold on if the shares were our own.

CONSTANT.—We think the shares are unduly depreciated, but that market is rather out of favour, and it is running some risk to average.

E. A. P.—Spread the money over (1) Central Argentine Railway Ordinary, (2) San Paulo Treasury Bonds, (3) Chilean Northern Railway Five per Cent. Debentures guaranteed by the Government, (4) some first-class Trust Stock (see our issue of Feb. 21).

W. O. C.—You can claim the dividend from the seller.

Even if the balance dividend to be declared shortly by the Van den Bergh Company brings the total distribution once more up to 17 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., the shares will still justly rank as an exceptionally satisfactory investment. The continued firmness of the shares at 48s., despite the present troublous times in the industrial world, is strong evidence of the belief entertained by holders that the balance dividend of 2s. 6d. per share will cause a decided appreciation in market valuation.

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Latest Fashions. These are very feminine, therefore very pretty. I culled my knowledge from no less authoritative a source than Worth the great. At the branch establishment of that Jove's Court of dress I had a private and particular view of



LEARNING TO TREAD THE BOARDS: A REHEARSAL AT THE ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ART—CONDUCTED BY MISS ELSIE CHESTER.

some of the new models for this season. They are lovely in line, dignity, charm, and colour. In the small space at my disposal I cannot go into detail of the beautiful dresses I saw. A few words will, however, make it apparent to the smart dresser that they are things she ought to see. A black, thick, and soft charmeuse is in a shawl-like drapery from a bodice, all of diamanté embroidery over white and blush-pink tulle, to a skirt of salmon-pink silk, richly embroidered in silvery-white floss silk. The little train is square, and the lines are most becoming to the figure. A burnous effect is produced at the back and to the left side by the satin being caught up at intervals with large jet buttons. There is another black charmeuse dress with a broad waist-band and long square sash-end of russet and old gold and silver brocade. The front, over white and pale-pink tulle, is veined across in slantwise lines of black and white diamanté. There are several models in black, blue, and grey-blue taffeta, which show a wonderful combination of early Victorian quaintness with up-to-date chic character, that is very fascinating. A lime-green satin embroidered with crystal and diamanté is new in colour and captivating in style. There was a very smart coat and skirt in silver-grey of quite a new material like rep, with touches of violet velvet and pearl buttons, that will be a great favourite. Worth's is specially esteemed by the exclusive, because his models are never seen out of his own establishments in Paris and here.

Many More Through in the Time.

A great advantage which will accrue to ladies who are anxious to attend this year's Courts from the new regulation which I mentioned last week, shortening Court trains by a yard, is that many more can be presented in the time. It is estimated that half-an-hour in the time of each Court will be saved by the quicker succession of ladies passing across the ball-room. As their Majesties have no intention of curtailing the period of their presence on the Chairs of State, this half-hour will be utilised to get more presentations through. It is tolerably certain that two more Courts will be held after Easter. These, with half-an-hour gained at each of the five, will be more than equivalent to six Courts, and should relieve the pressure of applicants and clear things more for next year.

The First Court.

Friday night is fixed for the first State Reception of this year by the King and Queen. None has been held in London since May 25 of last year. There were two in July—one in Dublin and

one in Edinburgh—but they were for Irish and Scottish ladies. There is an unusually large number awaiting presentation, including several Peeresses whose husbands have been advanced in rank, many new Peeresses, many wives of new Baronets, Knights, and of newly appointed officials. These greatly widen the Court circle, as they are in addition to brides and débutantes and Peeresses whose husbands have succeeded to family honours. The Duchess of Devonshire will be in attendance at the first Court and at those held subsequently, as Mistress of the Robes. Much interest centres in the question as to who is to be the Queen's new Maid-of-Honour instead of the Hon. Sybil Brodrick, resigned on her marriage with Mr. Ronald Graham.

New Setting for a Well-known Firm.

There is no truer adage than "Nothing succeeds like success." The open-air man and woman's tailors, Messrs. Burberry, have so increased their business, and find their present premises so restricted, that they have purchased one of the finest sites in London—opposite His Majesty's Theatre—where building on a great scale is in progress. It is hoped that the new house will be ready for occupation in September next. Meanwhile business is going on at 30, 31, and 33, Haymarket, as usual.

Influenza in High Places.

Queen Alexandra has almost every year an attack of influenza. On the theory that it wears itself out, let us hope that this will be a light one. Princess Victoria had a heavy illness for a week, but is, happily, almost well again. The King of Denmark's health is better, but his recovery is slow and he is to be sent South. Queen Alexandra will probably visit his Majesty when she goes on her Spring yachting cruise. Her Majesty is very anxious to keep her devoted friend and attendant, the Hon. Charlotte Knollys, away from infection of influenza. It will be remembered how very ill she

was when last she had it. The Queen finds her quite indispensable, and Miss Knollys, who has been in constant attendance on her Majesty since she landed in England as bride-elect to the heir-apparent, is absolutely devoted to the Queen, whose life she saved on the occasion of the outbreak of fire at Sandringham.



THE CALIPH OF "KISMET" AS TRAINER OF ACTORS AND ACTRESSES: MR. BEN WEBSTER CONDUCTING A REHEARSAL AT THE ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ART.

Photographs by Sport and General.

one is likely to require regarding the Press of the British Empire and of other nations. Mr. W. T. Stead contributes a prefatory article, and there are various other interesting items, including illustrated obituaries of famous journalists dead during the past year.



A REHEARSAL AT THE ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ART: MISS GERTRUDE BURNETT AS "PROFESSOR."

THE COUNTY GENTLEMAN.

IN hunting circles the Farmers' Sporting Hunt Union, a body that would appear to be of recent formation, has come into considerable prominence lately. It is apparently an association with large views of what the countryside needs, and it seems to have enjoyed the support of certain sportsmen who did not inquire very closely into its precise objects or the method by which they are to be carried out. Some seem to have thought that the Union existed to help dairy-farmers and to associate itself in this matter with the Board of Agriculture, but it would appear that the real object of the Union is to bring farmers together and enable them to say to the hunting-man, "You must pay so much annually for the privilege of riding over our land." The charge varies according to the number of hunters kept. Stud's of three are to pay £1 per horse per annum; over three and under six the charge proposed is £3 per horse per annum, and over six, £5. The M.F.H. and his hunters are exempt from payment, and the Union proposes to remove all wire during the hunting months. Non-subscribers to the Union would be liable to be warned off, in what fashion is not clear.

Naturally, many hunting-men view the Union's programme with great suspicion and are delighted to see that Mr. Henry Chaplin has publicly stated that his support was obtained by misleading representations, and that he has resigned. It is common knowledge that the difficulties before the hunting-man are not inconsiderable, and that as the area of small holdings and close cultivation extends they will become greater still. Middle-aged men talk of days to come when in some parts of the country the drag will replace the fox, and they point out that the proposed addition to the cost of sport would fall with unendurable weight upon many who can only meet the expenses of their sport with difficulty.

Doubtless hunting-men will be able to face the F.S.H.U., and they will do so the more easily, for some years at least, because on so many farming leases all sporting rights are reserved to the landlords. But all over the country estates are being broken up, the tendency is to multiply small-holdings, and barbed wire is probably more widely spread than it has ever been since first the nasty stuff was invented. In view of these truths, the mere existence of the Farmers' Sporting Hunt Union possesses a curious significance, and it is in the last degree dangerous to assume, as I see some publicists have assumed, that the farmer has no grievances, or that if he has grievances they are natural penalties, associated with his tenure, known to him when he entered upon it, and

largely compensated by the demand for hay and straw for the stables. Farming is the paramount interest of the countryside, and the future of hunting depends very largely upon the good-will of farmers. Is that good-will being cultivated? Writing with some practical knowledge of the subject, I am inclined to think that the farmers are considered by the wealthy hunts, and often neglected by the poor ones. Neglected, perhaps, is too strong a term; for the farmer is free to join the hunt, he gets an invitation to hunt breakfasts, he frequently receives a brace of birds from members of the Committee. But his claims for compensation are often ignored. In my own country I know a landowner who has a fine fox-earth or two, there are litters every year, and I have seen near the earths the feathers of fowl, duck, pheasant, and partridge in abundance. Last spring the fox raided the owner's poultry-run, carried off some valuable birds, and killed many that it could not carry off. Compensation was claimed, but was not paid. I know of another case where a hard-working farmer claimed, and said that if his compensation fell short of his losses he would deal with the hunt in his own fashion. His letter was ignored and he turned vulpicide. I hear constant complaints by farmers who do not hunt against the amateurs and cockneys who ride over young corn, leave gates open, and break through hedges. They admit that the M.F.H. does his best to stop these outrages, but complain that he cannot control his field—it is too large and unwieldy, too largely recruited from the ranks of men who know how to ride but cannot hunt.

To ignore these complaints and conditions is to make the way easy for Unions and Associations that, whatever their ostensible aims and ideals, can only bring about bad feeling or worse feeling between the man who hunts and the man who farms. It is well to remember in this connection that farming tends, year by year, to become a more strenuous occupation. The old easy-going farmer who knew good markets and high prices belongs to the past; his successor, who took land cheap and farmed with insufficient capital, has gone out of business; and the modern man, paying a better rent and putting more money into the land, finds but little leisure to devote to sport. The farmers who have survived are largely northerners and Scotsmen. If the latter hunted the fox on their native heather and hills they took a shot-gun. The best reply to a Farmers' Union would be a Union of Hunting-Men appointed seriously to consider the prospects of a sport that has done much for England, and to decide how best it can be carried on without friction. That there are grievances, and perfectly genuine ones, is undeniable, and it is in the best interest of hunting that they should be investigated and, as far as possible, removed by hunting-men, and not by any others.

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Manchester Daily Despatch, Feb. 16, 1912.

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Manchester Daily Despatch, Feb. 16, 1912.

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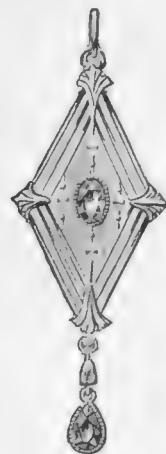
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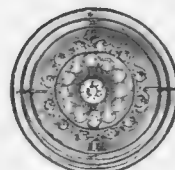
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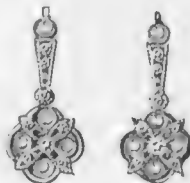
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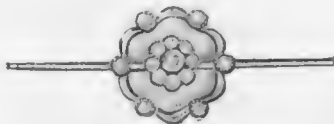
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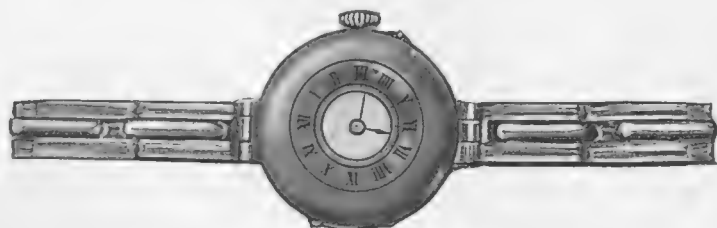
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SACHET 6/2. SOAP 1/- per tablet. CACHOUS 3/- per box.
TOILET CREAM 1/6 per pot. BATH CRYSTALS 2/6 & 4/6.

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TRADE **RIBBON** MARK

DENTAL CREAM



Your children have
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as it is efficient.
*One inch twice a day
keeps the teeth from decay.*

"We must look to the mothers to
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The twice-a-day use of the tooth brush is
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Cleans—Preserves—Polishes

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condition that protects you against
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42 inches of Cream in trial tube sent free for 2d. in stamps.
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Benger's Food,
prepared with fresh new
milk is all food.

It is distinguished from others by the ease with
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Benger's food is for infants, invalids, and all whose
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The "Regent" Morning Coat (as illustration), from	£2	15	0
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SEVEN PRIZE MEDALS.



These series of Pens neither scratch nor spurt.

They glide over the roughest paper with the ease of a soft lead pencil.

Assorted Sample Boxes, 6d., to be obtained from all Stationers.

If out of stock send 7 stamps to the Works, BIRMINGHAM. Attention is also drawn to their Patent Anti-Blotting Series.

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The man from Cork

met an Ulster friend in a Londonderry hotel.

In two minutes the South man was beaming appreciatively at a partly emptied glass.

"I see," said he, "when you ask for a special whiskey in the North you get John Jameson, like we do in Cork."

"Why, of course, what else can 'special' mean?" asked the North man.

You will share the wonder of the Ulster man, and the gratification of the man from Cork, the moment you try

John Jameson's
Three ★ ★ ★ Star
Whiskey

John Jameson & Sons, Ltd., Dublin.

Established 1780.

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"Uses PROCTOR'S Pinelyptus Pastilles with great success for Throat, Voice, and Chest, and recommends her friends to use them."

PROCTOR'S PINELYPTUS PASTILLES
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FAMOUS FOR
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Chest,
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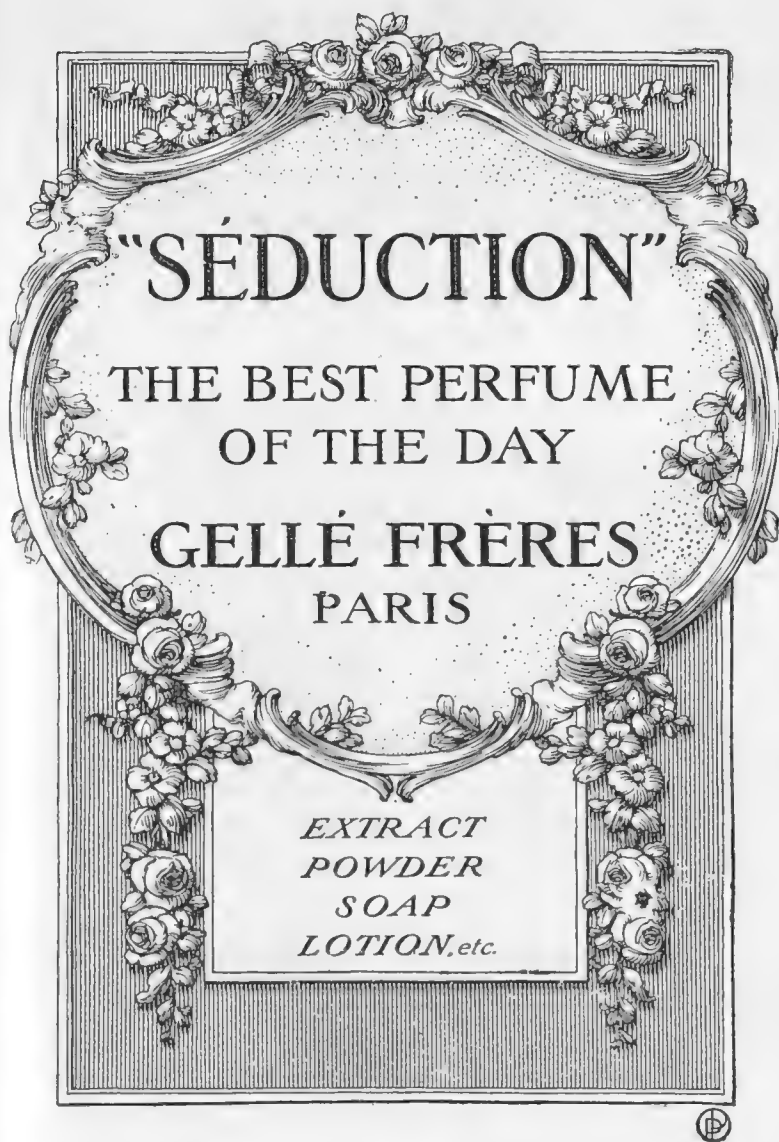
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A BOON TO SINGERS, SPEAKERS, TEACHERS.
Sold by Chemists and Stores, only in Boxes 1/- and 2/6.
Insist on having "Proctor's Pinelyptus."



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The Watch of matchless merit
Price One Guinea & upwards, at all leading watchmakers



"SÉDUCTION"
THE BEST PERFUME
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GELLÉ FRÈRES
PARIS

EXTRACT
 POWDER
 SOAP
 LOTION, etc.

As the distance widens in a woman's life between the lighter days of her girlhood and the dawn of her matronage, it is natural that she should look to the preservation of that subtle charm of beauty which was her birthright as a girl.

Nature is a ruthless robber, and Life, with its complexity of difficulties, combines with the passing of years to leave wrinkles where once were dimples, and a sallow hardness where once bloomed the dainty pink-and-white softness of a healthy girl's complexion.

Some years ago a woman had no alternative. As old age advanced, so faded her natural charms, but to-day...

In London to-day there is one woman who has enthusiastically devoted her life to the scientific care and preservation of the complexion. Her name is Helena Rubinstein, the founder of the Maison de Beauté Valaze, 24, Grafton Street, Mayfair, and her preparations are known all over the world as the Valaze Complexion Specialities. They do what they are intended to do for the complexion better than anything else in the world can do it, and one has yet to meet the woman who tried them without prejudice and remained dissatisfied with them.

Madame Rubinstein is prepared to advise any woman personally and free of charge on matters concerning the care of the complexion. No detail is too small for her careful attention, and no amount of trouble too great. Her work is her form of enthusiasm. Her life's enthusiasm is her work. To this is due her enormous success. Her life's experience and knowledge are at your disposal. Then why not write to or call on her while your attention is fixed on the subject?

Madame Rubinstein has become noted for her special methods of treating

flabbiness of the skin and loss of contour of the face through relaxation of the muscles; of looseness of the skin about the neck, which the French so aptly call "cou de dindon"; of coarse, enlarged or open pores, which blemish is overcome in, what Madame Rubinstein's clients regard, a most miraculous manner.

Greasiness, coarseness, or shrivelling of the skin, and sallowness, due to long exposure in tropical countries, or to immoderate devotion to outdoor sports are remedied by an exclusive method. The manner of treating double chins is the only one known by which positive results are produced. Puffiness under the eyes and crowsfeet are two blemishes for the treatment of which special assistants devote their time exclusively. Blackheads, and bad complexions in general, as well as redness of face and nose, and what are known as "vein marks," or "broken veins," are removed by one or another of her Continental methods and appliances. Madame Rubinstein's greatest pride is her method for the levelling and obliteration of deep wrinkles and furrows in only from three to five sittings. The treatment does not interfere with the daily routine of the client's social or professional duties.

Finally, Madame Rubinstein devotes much care and attention to preservative and preventive treatment, which enables the complexion better to withstand the strain of modern life, and to retain the colour and the brightness and the delightful velvety surface that can be typical only of youth or rationally continued care.

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Mrs. F. King writes—"I enclose your photo. of my daughter May, whose perfect health is the result of your food. After trying several others with no benefit, we were recommended to try Mellin's, and were delighted with results. May is now nearly three years, and is the picture of health."

What Mellin's has done for thousands of babies all over the world, it will do for your baby—impart the vigour that creates "the picture of health."

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A Free sample bottle of Mellin's Food will be sent on receipt of two penny stamps to cover postage. Invaluable 60-page Handbook for Mothers, "The Care of Infants," also sent free for two penny stamps. Mention this paper and address—SAMPLE DEPT., MELLIN'S FOOD, LTD., PECKHAM, LONDON, S.E.



Knock, Knock, Knock—
 Guests! and just when you didn't expect them. Just when you thought you would "make do" on a very plain tea or supper. Luckily—oh! how luckily—there's a tin of Skipper Sardines in the cupboard. Your guests will be delighted with the flavour of these little fish "fresh from the cold clear waters of the North," and your tea or supper will be a real success instead of a catastrophe.

Skipper Sardines

"Skipper" Sardines are guaranteed to have been caught in season only, and to be packed in the purest Olive oil or Tomato.

A handsome Electroplated Patent Sardine Server will be sent in exchange for 1/- P.O. and 1 "Skipper" Sardine label. Apply ANGUS WATSON & Co., Newcastle-on-Tyne



"A House Ripolin-ed is a House Beautiful."

Ripolin will *always* give this result. It is artistic, hygienic, and durable. It is *free* from objectionable smell, and can always be kept clean with minimum of labour. RIPOLIN always retains its beauty.

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STEELRUBBER NON-SKID TYRES.

Motorists should investigate the claims of the WOOD-MILNE tyre without delay. The distinguishing features of these popular tyres are those making for *Endurance* and, therefore, economy.

A Stouter Tyre than any rival production.

Wood-Milnes excel in point of service because they are made throughout on stronger and stouter lines than other tyres, and are able to resist wear-and-tear to an exceptional degree. The foundation of a

tyre is its casing, and of the Wood-Milne casing there is this to be said—it is stouter than any rival production, and is built up to take the weight of the car evenly without the strain at the sides of the tread, so frequently the cause of deterioration in ordinary tyres. The quality of the materials used is beyond reproach.

The Value of Steelrubber

The motoring public are generally familiar with the principle of the Wood-Milne Steelrubber tread. Steelrubber is an intimate mixture of steel and rubber, possessing great durability and a remarkable grip with perfect resilience. It is in itself a natural non-skid. By reason of the coarse semi-metal surface presented to the road, Steelrubber is much safer and faster on rough stretches and on grease than ordinary rubber.

Wood-Milnes have saved money for thousands of owners.

F.A.B. (Oakmoor) writes: "The two Wood-Milne tyres on one of my cars have shown no signs of cutting, and are wearing excellently. Moreover, the non-skidding claims you make for the tyres are undoubtedly well founded."

Wood-Milnes are made in Griprib, Gripstud and Grooved patterns—three unique designs which, in conjunction with the natural gripping power of Steelrubber, afford perfect security on all roads.

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Telegrams: "Comfort, Preston." Ltd., Phone: Preston 246.
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"WHITE-CROSS" MOTOR-CAR POLICIES.

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The Title of these Policies has been changed from "Red-Cross" to "White-Cross" owing to the requirements of the "Geneva Convention Act, 1911," which prohibit the use of the red cross as a Trade Mark. The new Policies embrace all the benefits of the "Red-Cross" Policy and many additional advantages.

The Celebrated
ADLER
The Perfect Car.

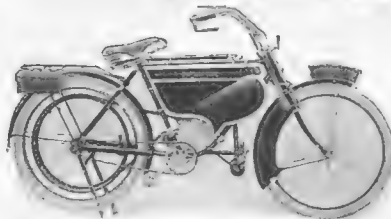
The "Morgan" Cabrio-Landaulette, semi-open position,
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From 10-h.p. to 70-h.p., and from £280

MORGAN & CO., Ltd.,
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Famous
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THE GENTLEMAN'S MOTOSACOCHE.

If it were possible to make a better light Motor-cycle than the Motosacoche, its name would be

MOTOSACOCHE

THE MACHINE FOR GENTLEFOLK.

NO OILY DIRT! NO NOISE! NO GYMNASTICS!

It will pay all particular folk to see this machine before deciding on a motor-cycle—**OF ANY MAKE.**

Anyhow, write for our L Catalogue. It is free; a 3d. post-card is sufficient. Address—**MOTOSACOCHE LTD. (Dept. N 5), 65, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.**

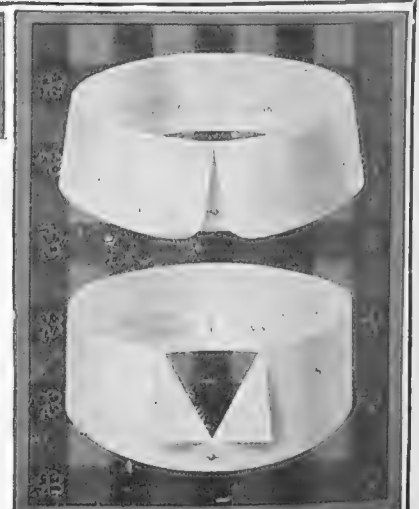


are faced with strong Irish Linen woven in our Banbridge factory, and are our own make throughout. Don't be misled by statements that Cotton Collars are "just as good." LINEN costs three times as much as cotton because it is a stronger, whiter, cleaner, and longer stapled fabric, possessing brilliancy and lustre which imparts to Men's Wear that look of distinction not found in the cheaper article.

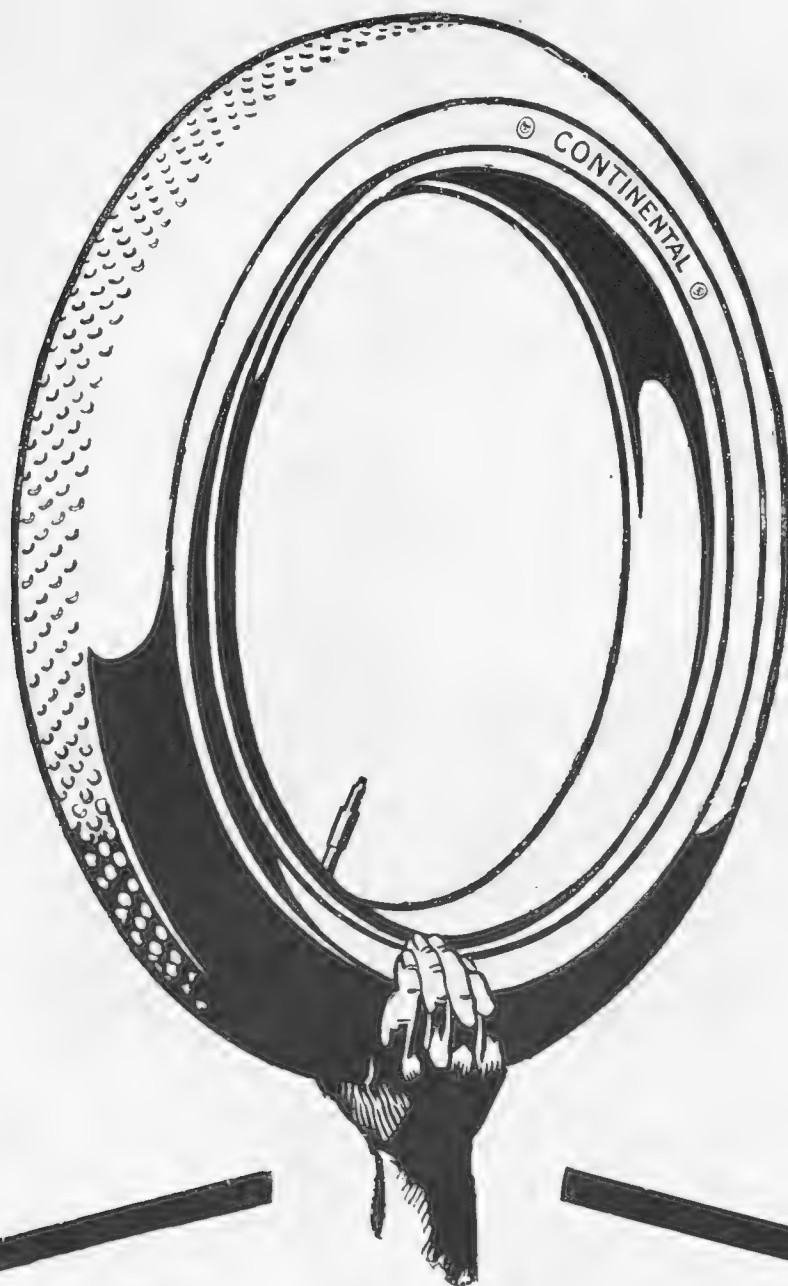
The two shapes illustrated are typical. The top one is an outdoor collar in all depths; the lower one, 24-inch depth—for evening wear. List of shapes post free.

5/11
Box of One Dozen.
Postage 3d. per doz. extra.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER,
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A sample Collar in any shape or size post free for six stamps.



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CONTINENTAL DETACHABLE RIMS

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SECURITY AND IMMUNITY FROM SKIDDING.

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French Corsets in every type,
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EVERY CORSET MADE IN PARIS.

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Exquisite Corset in Crepe-de-Chine of the lightest weight possible. A mere incident above the waist, the length beneath is extreme; so modelled that the figure is not only improved but kept beautifully together. The boning is of the slightest, and the six suspenders used keep the Corset in correct and perfect position.

£6 6s.

(See Sketch).

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The Best Nightcap.

Before retiring take a cup of the "ALLENBURYS" DIET which induces restful sleep and nourishes the system. Affords an excellent light repast and is preferable to all alcoholic stimulants. Prepared from rich milk and whole wheat in a partially predigested form. Made
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Send 3d. stamps for large sample.

Of
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per tin.

The Allenburys' DIET

D.8. ALLEN & HANBURYS Ltd., Lombard St., London.

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Can be instantly raised, lowered, reversed, or inclined either way. It extends over bed, couch, or chair without touching it, and is the ideal Table for reading or taking meals in bed. Change of position is effected by simply pressing the patent push button. The height of Table can be adjusted at any point from 28 in. to 43 in. from floor. The top is 27 in. long by 18 in. wide, and is always in alignment with the base. It cannot overbalance. The "Adapta" Table is instantly adjustable to various convenient uses, such as Reading Stand, Writing Table, Bed Rest, Sewing or Work Table, Music Stand, Easel, Card Table, &c.

PRICES.

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Healthy and Beautiful Skin

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Shem-el-Nessim^{Regd} Toilet Cream

PERFUMED with the SCENT OF ARABY.

It keeps the skin free from blemish and renders it white and supple in spite of wind or sun.

FREE FROM GREASE, it is rapidly absorbed by the skin, and does not promote the growth of down or superfluous hair.

A Full Size Pot,
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DROITWICH BRINE CRYSTALS

For Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, or Uric Acid

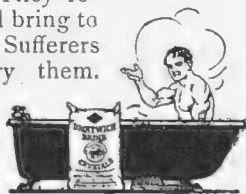
These Crystals provide at home the only substitute for a natural Droitwich Brine Bath—without expense or loss of time. They reproduce the virtues of the Springs and bring to all the benefits of an unrivalled cure. Sufferers are earnestly recommended to try them.

SEND 2/3 FOR A 28LB. BAG

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Our systems are equally suitable for large or small installations

Our method of SURFACE WIRING for Electric Light is the best and latest form yet devised, and obviates any damage to the decorations

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The Dryad Chair illustrated, called "Abundance" with its ample dimensions, dignity of style, and fine quality of workmanship, is a piece of beautiful furniture quite different from what has hitherto been associated with wicker.

References given to users in all parts of the world.

Catalogue of other Dryad designs post free from the maker H. H. Peach 0 dept Dryad Works, Leicester

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Many people have greater trouble with their skins in March than at any other time. Pretty faces are daily seen about marred and marked with pimples and blotches; lips are cracked, hands and arms rough and smarting. To such delicate skins the rich herbal balm, Zam-Buk, comes as a boon, for it stops all soreness, charms away every blemish, and not only makes the skin soft and strong to defy the keen biting winds, but gives it a healthy suppleness and sheen like that of satin.

Zam-Buk

Prevents Reddened,
Itching, Smarting Faces;
Makes Rough Hands Soft,
& KILLS DISEASE GERMS.



A CLEAR, HEALTHY SKIN AND BRIGHT EYES

REGISTERED



TRADE MARK.

Mrs. E. ADAIR, 92, NEW BOND ST. (Oxford St.)
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(Patronised by Royalty—Recommended by the Medical Profession.)

HAS NOW OPENED
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Mrs. Adair's Health Treatment for the Skin is perfectly marvellous, the most spotty, rough, and unhealthy skins must give way before this treatment, and become clear, smooth, and healthy. Her treatment for tired, lined eyes has never been known to fail. She has also wonderful treatment for removing all blemishes, moles, birth-marks, acne spots, and superfluous hair. The wonderful Ganesh Eastern Muscle Oil gives life to the skin and will also remove lines and fill out hollows. Price 5/6, 10/6, 21/6, and 30/6.

"Dear Madam,—I really do not know how to thank you; the Oil has made such a difference to my appearance that I look ten years younger."

Mrs. Adair is now supplying a box of her wonderful Ganesh preparations, containing Ganesh Eastern Oil, Ganesh Diable Tonic, Ganesh Eastern Cream, Ganesh Lily Lotion, at the price of 21/6, post free, so that everyone may have the opportunity of trying the home treatment.

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CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"The Lure."

By E. S. STEPHENS.
(Mills and Boon.)

Not to put too fine a point upon it, "The Lure" is the story of a seduction that failed. It is divided into two parts: the first containing the journalistic history of a certain magazine, whose luxurious turn-out fitted the great titles of its contributors; and the second enacted on a crocodile farm in the far Soudan. Both enterprises, that of supplying the English snob with aristocratic literature, and the other of creating the supply of and demand for crocodile-skins, were the property of the seducer, a true Good-Boy-Seldom as Mr. Onions has taught us to recognise him. Beyond some interesting revelations in the journalistic career of "The Orb," and the tropical exaggerations of African swamps for the melodrama of the latter half of the story, "The Lure" breaks no new ground. How many times has a similar figure to Huntly Goss graced the pages of fiction: evil not by intention, but by the strength of a colossal egotism, and successful, thanks to an irresistible charm for women. And equally familiar is his counterfoil, the clean, simple, lean, bronzed man of action, ineffective in a London drawing-room, but of so gallant a bearing in the far corners of Empire, where qualities like courage and honesty have a better show. Anne, the woman between them, comes off remarkably well. True to his traditions, the hero is perfectly willing to marry her in the reaction of an unhappy love affair, and makes no inconvenient claims on her affection. And the same traditions bring him finally into sharp comparison with his graceful rival, where all that made for glamour in the rival's favour becomes bitter, horrified disillusion, while his own integrity, his honour, his loyalty, even his leanness, become the desirable assets of the husband-lover. "The Lure," constructed on these well-known lines, is nevertheless an entertainingly written and readable story.

"Felix Christie."

By PEGGY WEBLING.
(Methuen.)

Felix Christie is the narrative of a career. In the opening chapter, Felix is the first violin of an orchestra engaged for a dance in a Canadian farmhouse. "It was not a large orchestra, for it consisted of Wiggins, who played the piano, and one fiddler. Professor Wiggins said that he made a great point of keeping it select." The first violin was a tall, slight, wiry youth. "His clothes hung loosely about him, his big boots were mud-splashed, and his trousers turned up at the bottom . . . he had removed his cuffs, placing them on the top of the piano. He played mechanically in perfect time, but displayed no interest in his surroundings, rarely lifting his eyes to glance at the gay scene before him." Very soon he had left his repressed, depressing


mother in the little town of Mapleville, and sailed for London. Mapleville's opera-house had a seating capacity, to quote Professor Wiggins, "of two hundred and fifty, comfortable, and over three hundred, familiar." Scarcely the field for ambition, so Felix departed, with great hopes and one or two dubious introductions. The cheap lodging-house; his balked prospects in the art of music—for his disabilities in that direction proved to be both physical and mental; his rise, and subsequent fame, in letters; and an unhappy love-affair with a worthless hussy, while a sweet, unselfish girl stood waiting by, mark the chief events of his history. If the truth must be confessed, they leave an impression of dulness, and Felix Christie is undoubtedly a prig. Such care is given to unimportant things, and so much observation goes to their credit that the fine essentials suffer. Take, for example, the barber's shop, where dwelt the shoddy Pearl, beloved of Felix—it is photographic, and therefore tedious, like the barber himself. When Flaubert told Maupassant to select some cabman on his return home, and then select the phrase which should paint him unmistakably from every other cabman in Paris, did he guess how many clever young writers would devote their talent to finding the phrase which shall evoke a composite photograph of a whole class, rather than the Rembrandt-like etching of an individual? One startling moment awaits Miss Webling's reader, when Sir Charles Buckley, the great newspaper king, discovers a son, and a legitimate one, too, in the hero. The incident occurs, apparently, for the better elucidation of Felix's considerate unselfishness, as nothing further comes of it.

In spite of what J. K. Stephen called "the clash of magazines," there should be room and to spare for the new monthly called "The Arena," dealing with University and public-school life and amateur sport. It makes an excellent first appearance with the number dated March 1. The illustrations are numerous and admirably reproduced, and the reading matter is of a kind to interest all who look back with pride and affection upon their school and 'Varsity days. Having quoted "J.K.S.," we may mention that he appears in one of the illustrations, as Captain of the famous College Wall Eleven at Eton in 1877. As a loose coloured supplement is given a portrait of B. C. Hartley ("Jock"), of Rugger fame.

At a dramatically opportune moment—as regards coal, at any rate—appears the 1912 edition of "The Mining Year-Book," published by the *Financial Times*, 72, Coleman Street, E.C. This useful work of reference to all mining matters contains a list, with details, of several thousand companies, personal directories, a glossary of technical terms, and an immense amount of statistical and other information.

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CONTENTS.

Amongst the contents of this number, in addition to the customary features and comic drawings, will be found illustrations dealing with Mme. Marguerite Steinheil; "Amusettes de la Mode"; the Ten Commandments of the Dancer; Roshanara; Society on Camel-Back; On the Way to a Fancy-Dress Ball; Viscountess Curzon; Futurist Works; The Simple Art; "The 'Mind the Paint Girl,' at the Duke of York's.



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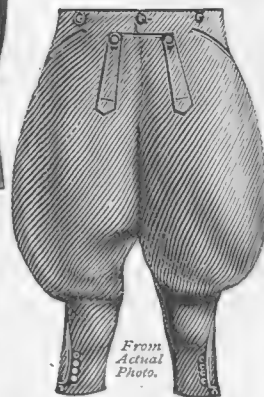
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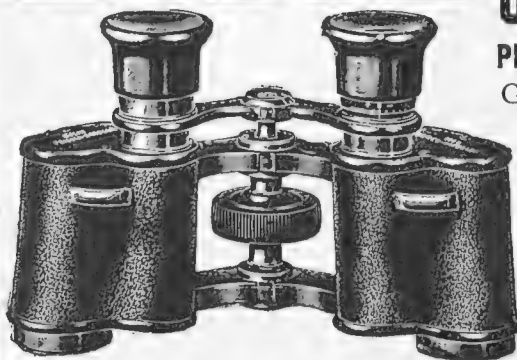
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GENERAL NOTES.

LORD SANDHURST likes his work; perhaps floors feel good to the new broom. The manifold labours connected with the coming Courts are being despatched in great style, and several ladies who had postponed their hopes and their trains till next year now find themselves included in this season's schemes. Even the prospect of an additional Court does not "faze" the industrious Lord Chamberlain. His days have been wholly given in passing papers, so to speak, for the Sandhurst examinations—no longer confined to young men. But Lord and Lady Desborough's second daughter is not really, as someone said, among the passed—or even the proposed. Perhaps her sister's brilliant début last year and a silver wedding this year suggested to a certain journalist that Miss Alexandra Grenfell was about due at Court. No, she is just seven!

Wielders of the willow and the leather are rejoicing over the English victory in the final Test Match with the Australians, which ended at Sydney on the 1st in the M.C.C. winning by seventy runs. Although the rubber had already been won, it confirmed the visitors' superiority. This Australian tour has certainly been a triumph for the representatives of the Old Country. Out of five test matches they have won four and lost one; and out of eighteen matches played altogether they have won twelve, lost one, and drawn five. It may fairly be said that not only will the "ashes" of English

cricket be brought home, but there is every prospect of the deceased springing from them, Phoenix-like, to new birth.

"Sell's World's Press" not only fulfils its purpose excellently as a work of reference, but it contains much reading matter of general interest, such as an anecdotal history of British journalism, articles on journalism as a career by Sir Henry Lucy, Dr. Charles G. Russell, and Mr. Alexander Mackintosh, and a survey of the World's Press by Mr. Edward Porritt. Particulars are given of nearly three thousand papers in the British Empire, as well as those of other countries.

It is an interesting fact that Humperdinck, whose wonderful music has contributed so greatly to the success of "The Miracle," is a strong advocate of the Pianola. In common with the chief musicians, he endorses the fact that this instrument plays to quote his own words, "with the taste and expression of an artist." He attributes his preference for the Pianola largely to the Metrostyle, which is an exclusive feature of this instrument.

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 "Is it for *me*?"
 "Yes, and—"
 "And *what*?"
 "And *me*."
 "Oh, Bobbie, *do* tell me what it is."
 "They're *luxurious*. You're fond of them. I can't live without them. Guess."
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